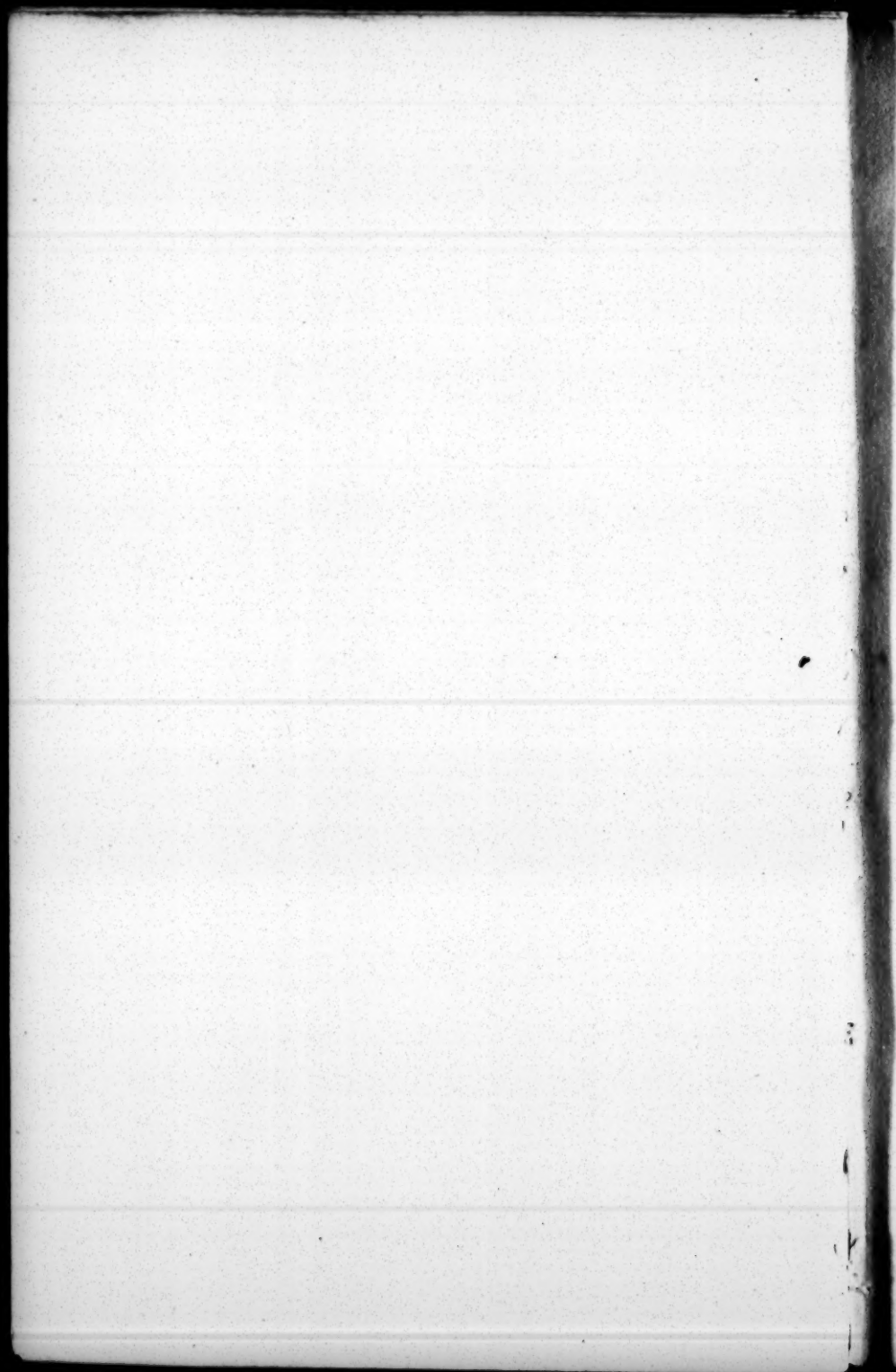

Bell's Edition

OF

SHAKSPEARE.



THE
DRAMATICK WRITINGS
OF
WILL. SHAKSPERE,

With the Notes of all the various Commentators;

PRINTED COMPLETE FROM THE BEST EDITIONS OF

SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEEVENS.

Volume the Nineteenth.

CONTAINING
TROILUS and CRESSIDA.
OTHELLO.

LONDON:

Printed for, and under the Direction of,
JOHN BELL, British-Library, STRAND,
Bookseller to His Royal Highness the PRINCE of WALES.

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Bell's Edition.

TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

B Y

WILL. SHAKSPERE:

Printed Complete from the TEXT of

SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEEVENS,

And revised from the last Editions:

When Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
First rear'd the Stage, immortal SHAKSPERE rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:
His pow'rful strokes presiding Truth confess'd,
And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast.

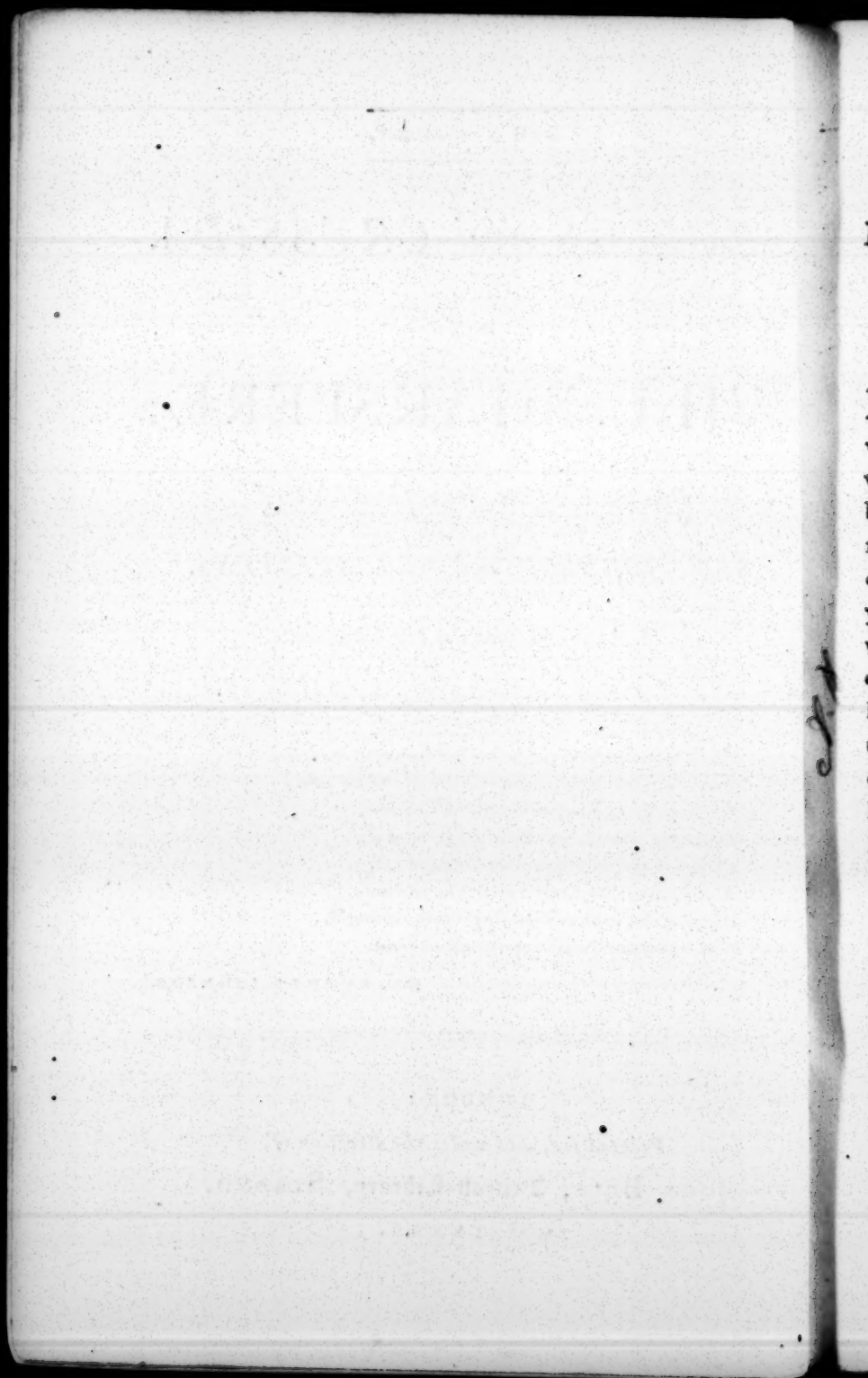
DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

LONDON:

Printed for, and under the direction of,

JOHN BELL, British-Library, STRAND.

MDCCLXXXV.



PREFACE to the QUARTO EDITION of this PLAY, 1609.

A never Writer, to an ever Reader. NEWES.

ETERNALL reader, you have heere a new play, never stal'd with the stage, never clapper-claw'd with the palmes of the vulger, and yet passing full of the palme comicall; for it is a birth of your braine, that never under-tooke any thing comicall, vainely: and were but the vaine names of commedies change for the titles of commodities, or of playes for pleas; you should see all those grand censors, that now stile them such vanities, flock to them for the maine grace of their gravities: especially this authors commedies, that are so fram'd to the life, that they serve for the most common commentaries of all the actions of our lives, shewing such a dexteritie and power of witte, that the most displeased with playes, are pleas'd with his commedies. And all such dull and heavy witted worldlings, as were never capable of the witte of a commedie, coming by report of them to his representations, have found that witte there, that they never found in them-selves, and have parted better-wittied then they came: feeling an edge of witte set upon them, more than ever they dreamd they had braine to grind it on. So much and such savored salt of witte is in his commedies, that they seem (for their height of pleasure) to be borne in that sea that brought forth Venus. Amongst all there is none more witty than this: and had I time I would comment upon it, though I know it needs not (for so much as will make you think your testern well bestowd), but for so much worth, as even poore I know to be stuff in it. It deserves

deserves such a labour, as well as the best comedy in Terence or Plautus. And beleeve this, that when hee is gone, and his comedies out of sale, you will scramble for them, and set up a new English inquisition. Take this for a warning, and at the perill of your pleasures losse, and judgements, refuse not, nor like this the lesse, for not being sullied with the smoaky breath of the multitude; but thank fortune for the scape it hath made amongst you. Since by the grand possessors wills I believe you should have prayd for them rather then beene prayd. And so I leave all such to bee prayd for (for the states of their wits healths) that will not praise it. *Vale.*

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE *Fable* AND *Composition* OF

TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

MR. Pope (after Dryden) informs us, that the story of *Troilus* and *Cressida* was originally the work of one Lollius, a Lombard (of whom Gascoigne speaks in *Dan Bartholme we his first Triumph* : “ Since *Lollius* and Chaucer both, make doubt upon that glose”); but Dryden goes yet further. He declares it to have been written in Latin verse, and that Chaucer translated it. Lollius was a historiographer of Urbino in Italy. Shakspeare received the greatest part of his materials for the structure of this play from the *Troye Boke* of Lydgate. Lydgate was not much more than a translator of Guido of Columpna, who was of Messina in Sicily, and wrote his *History of Troy* in Latin, after Dictys Cretensis, and Dares Phrygius, in 1287. On these, as Mr. Warton observes, he engrafted many new romantic inventions, which the taste of his age dictated, and which the connection between Grecian and Gothic fiction easily admitted; at the same time comprehending in his plan the Theban and Argonautic stories from Ovid, Statius, and Valerius Flaccus. Guido’s work was published at Cologne in 1477, again in 1480 : at Strasburgh 1486, and *ibidem* 1489. It appears to have been translated by Raoul le Feure, at Cologne, into French, from whom Caxton rendered it into English in 1471, under the title of his *Reuyel*, &c. so that there must have been yet some earlier edition

of Guido's performance than I have hitherto seen or heard of, unless his first translator had recourse to a manuscript.

Guido of Columpna is referred to as an authority by our own chronicler Grafton. Chaucer had made the loves of Troilus and Cressida famous, which very probably might have been Shakspeare's inducement to try their fortune on the stage.—Lydgate's *Troye Boke* was printed by Pynson, 1513. In the books of the Stationers' Company, anno 1581, is entered "A proper ballad, dialogue-wise, between *Troilus* and *Cressida*." Again, Feb. 7, 1602: "The booke of *Troilus* and *Cressida*, as it is acted by my Lo. Chamberlain's men." The first of these entries is in the name of Edward White, the second in that of M. Roberts. Again, Jan. 28, 1608, entered by Rich. Bonian and Hen. Whalley, "A booke called the history of *Troilus* and *Cressida*." STEEVENS.

This play is more correctly written than most of Shakspeare's compositions, but it is not one of those in which either the extent of his views or elevation of his fancy is fully displayed. As the story abounded with materials, he has exerted little invention; but he has diversified his characters with great variety, and preserved them with great exactness. His vicious characters sometimes disgust, but cannot corrupt, for both Cressida and Pandarus are detested and contemned. The comic characters seem to have been the favourites of the writer; they are of the superficial kind, and exhibit more of manners than nature; but they are copiously filled and powerfully impressed. Shakspeare has in his story followed, for the greater part, the old book of Caxton, which was then very popular; but the character of Thersites, of which it makes no mention, is a proof that this play was written after Chapman had published his version of *Homer*. JOHNSON.

P R O L O G U E.

IN Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of Greece
 The princes orgillous, their high blood chaf'd,
 Have to the port of Athens sent their ships
 Fraught with the ministers and instruments
 Of cruel war : Sixty and nine, that wore
 Their crownets regal, from the Athenian bay
 Put forth toward Phrygia : and their vow is made,
 To ransack Troy ; within whose strong immures
 The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,
 With wanton Paris sleeps ; And that's the quarrel.
 To Tenedos they come ;
 And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge
 Their warlike fraughtage : Now on Dardan plains
 The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch
 Their brave pavilions : Priam's six-gated city
 (Dardan, and Thymbria, Ilias, Chetas, Trojan,
 And Antenoridas) with massy staples,
 And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts,
 Sperrs up the sons of Troy.—
 Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits,
 On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
 Sets all on hazard :—And hither am I come
 A prologue arm'd,—but not in confidence
 Of author's pen, or actor's voice ; but suited
 In like conditions as our argument,—
 To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
 Leaps o'er the vaunt and firstlings of those broils,
 'Ginning in the middle ; starting thence away
 To what may be digested in a play.

Bij

Like,

*Like, or find fault; do as your pleasures are;
Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.*

Dramatis Personae.

MEN.

PRIAM,	}	<i>Trojans.</i>
HECTOR,		
TROILUS,		
PARIS,		
DEIPHOBUS,		
HELENUS,		
ÆNEAS,		
PANDARUS,		
CALCHAS,		
ANTENOR,		

MARGARELON, *a Bastard Son of Priam.*

ACAMEMNON,	}	<i>Greeks.</i>
ACHILLES,		
AJAX,		
MENELAUS,		
ULYSSES,		
NESTOR,		
DIOMEDES,		
PATROCLUS,		
THERSITES,		

WOMEN.

HELEN, *Wife to Menelaus.*

ANDROMACHE, *Wife to Hector.*

CASSANDRA, *daughter to Priam, a Prophetess.*

CRESSIDA, *daughter to Calchas.*

ALEXANDER, *Cressida's Servant.*

Boy, *Page to Troilus.*

Servant to Diomed.

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, with other Attendants.

SCENE, *Troy, and the Grecian Camp before it.*



TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Troy. PRIAM's Palace. Enter PANDARUS, and
TROILUS.

Troilus.

CALL here my varlet, I'll unarm again :
Why should I war without the walls of Troy,
That find such cruel battle here within ?
Each Trojan, that is master of his heart,
Let him to field ; Troilus, alas ! hath none.

Pan. Will this gear ne'er be mended ?

Tro. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their
strength,
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant ;
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance ;
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skill-less as unpractis'd infancy.

10

B i i j

Pan.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this: for my part, I'll not meddle nor make no further. He, that will have a cake out of the wheat, must tarry the grinding.

Troi. Have I not tarry'd?

Pan. Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry the boulding.

Troi. Have I not tarry'd?

Pan. Ay, the boulding; but you must tarry the leavening.

Troi. Still have I tarry'd.

Pan. Ay, to the leavening: but here's yet in the word—hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking; nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

Troi. Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,
Doth lesser blench at sufferance than I do. 30
At Priam's royal table do I sit;
And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,—
So, traitor!—when she comes!—When is she thence?

Pan. Well, she look'd yester-night fairer than ever I saw her look; or any woman else.

Troi. I was about to tell thee,—When my heart,
As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain;
Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,
I have (as when the sun doth light a storm)
Bury'd this sigh in wrinkle of a smile: 40
But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladness,
Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

Pan.

Pan. An her hair were not somewhat darker than Helen's (well, go to), there were no more comparison between the women,—But, for my part, she is my kinswoman; I would not, as they term it, praise her,—But I would somebody had heard her talk yesterday, as I did. I will not dispraise your sister Cassandra's wit: but——

Troi. O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus,— 50
When I do tell thee, There my hopes lie drown'd,
Reply not in how many fathoms deep
They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In Cressid's love: Thou answer'st, She is fair;
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait; her voice
Handlest in thy discourse:—O that her hand!
In whose comparison all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach; to whose soft seizure
The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense 60
Hard as the palm of ploughman! This thou tell'st me,
As true thou tell'st me, when I say—I love her;
But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me
The knife that made it.

Pan. I speak no more than truth.

Troi. Thou dost not speak so much.

Pan. 'Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as she is: if she be fair, 'tis the better for her; an she be not, she has the mends in her own hands. 70

Troi. Good Pandarus! How now, Pandarus?

Pan. I have had my labour for my travel; ill-
thought

thought on of her, and ill thought on of you: gone between and between, but small thanks for my labour.

Troi. What, art thou angry, Pandarus? what, with me?

Pan. Because she is kin to me, therefore she's not so fair as Helen: an she were not kin to me, she would be as fair on Friday, as Helen is on Sunday. But what care I? I care not, an she were a black-amoor; 'tis all one to me. 81

Troi. Say I, she is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no. She's a fool, to stay behind her father; let her to the Greeks; and so I'll tell her, the next time I see her: for my part, I'll meddle nor make no more in the matter.

Troi. Pandarus,—

Pan. Not I.

Troi. Sweet Pandarus,—

Pan. Pray you, speak no more to me; I will leave all as I found it, and there an end. [*Exit PANDARUS.*

[*Sound Alarum.*

Troi. Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude sounds! 92

Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.

I cannot fight upon this argument;

It is too starv'd a subject for my sword.

But Pandarus—O gods, how do you plague me!

I cannot come to Cressid, but by Pandar;

And he's as teachy to be woo'd to woo,

As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit.

100

Tell

Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,
What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we ?
Her bed is India ; there she lies, a pearl :
Between our Ilium, and where she resides,
Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood ;
Ourself, the merchant ; and this sailing Pandar,
Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

[*Alarum.*] Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. How now, prince Troilus ? wherefore not
afield ?

Troi. Because not there ; This woman's answer
sorts,

For womanish it is to be from thence. 110

What news, Æneas, from the field to-day ?

Æne. That Paris is returned home, and hurt.

Troi. By whom, Æneas ?

Æne. Troilus, by Menelaus.

Troi. Let Paris bleed : 'tis but a scar to scorn ;
Paris is gor'd with Menelaus' horn. [*Alarum.*]

Æne. Hark ! what good sport is out of town to-
day !

Troi. Better at home, if *would I might*, were *may*.—
But, to the sport abroad ;—Are you bound thither ?

Æne. In all swift haste. 120

Troi. Come, go we then together. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE II.

*A Street. Enter CRESSIDA, and ALEXANDER her
Servant.*

Cre. Who were those went by ?

Serv. Queen Hecuba, and Helen.

Cre. And whither go they ?

Serv. Up to the eastern tower,
Whose height commands as subject all the vale,
To see the battle. Hector, whose patience
Is, as a virtue, fix'd, to-day was mov'd :
He chid Andromache, and struck his armourer ;
And, like as there were husbandry in war, 130
Before the sun rose, he was harness'd light,
And to the field goes he ; where every flower
Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw
In Hector's wrath.

Cre. What was his cause of anger ?

Serv. The noise goes, this : There is among the
Greeks

A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector ;
They call him Ajax.

Cre. Good ; And what of him ?

Serv. They say he is a very man *per se*, 140
And stands alone.

Cre. So do all men ; unless they are drunk, sick,
or have no legs.

Serv. This man, lady, hath robb'd many beasts of
their

their particular additions; he is as valiant as the lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant: a man into whom nature hath so crowded humours, that his valour is crushed into folly, his folly sauced with discretion: there is no man hath a virtue, that he hath not a glimpse of; nor any man an attaint, but he carries some stain of it: he is melancholy without cause, and merry against the hair: He hath the joints of every thing; but every thing so out of joint, that he is a gouty Briareus, many hands and no use; or purblind Argus, all eyes and no sight.

Cre. But how should this man, that makes me smile, make Hector angry?

Serv. They say, he yesterday cop'd Hector in the battle, and struck him down; the disdain and shame whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting and waking.

161

Enter PANDARUS.

Cre. Who comes here?

Serv. Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

Cre. Hector's a gallant man.

Serv. As may be in the world, lady.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cre. Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

Pan. Good morrow, cousin Cressid: What do you talk of?—Good morrow, Alexander.—How do you, cousin? When were you at Ilium?

170

Cre. This morning, uncle.

Pan.

Pan. What were you talking of, when I came?
Was Hector arm'd, and gone, ere ye came to Ilium?
Helen was not up, was she?

Cre. Hector was gone; but Helen was not up.

Pan. E'en so; Hector was stirring early.

Cre. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cre. So he says here.

Pan. True, he was so; I know the cause too;
he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that: and
there's Troilus will not come far behind him; let them
take heed of Troilus; I can tell them that too. 183

Cre. What, is he angry too?

Pan. Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man of
the two.

Cre. O, Jupiter! there's no comparison.

Pan. What, not between Troilus and Hector? Do
you know a man, if you see him?

Cre. Ay; if I ever saw him before, and knew him.

Pan. Well, I say, Troilus is Troilus. 190

Cre. Then you say as I say; for, I am sure, he is
not Hector.

Pan. No, nor Hector is not Troilus, in some de-
grees.

Cre. 'Tis just to each of them; he is himself.

Pan. Himself? Alas, poor Troilus! I would, he
were,—

Cre. So he is.

Pan. —'Condition, I had gone bare-foot to India.

Cre. He is not Hector.

200
Pan.

Pan. Himself? no, he's not himself.—'Would 'a were himself! Well, the gods are above; Time must friend, or end: Well, Troilus, well,—I would, my heart were in her body!—No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

Cre. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cre. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. The other's not come to't; you shall tell me another tale, when the other's come to't. Hector shall not have his wit this year. 211

Cre. He shall not need it, if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his qualities.

Cre. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cre. 'Twould not become him, his own's better.

Pan. You have no judgment, niece: Helen herself swore the other day, that Troilus, for a brown favour (for so 'tis, I must confess),—Not brown neither. 220

Cre. No, but brown.

Pan. 'Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

Cre. To say the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She prais'd his complexion above Paris.

Cre. Why, Paris hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cre. Then, Troilus should have too much: if she prais'd him above, his complexion is higher than his; he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as

lieve, Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose. 238

Pan. I swear to you, I think, Helen loves him better than Paris.

Cre. Then she's a merry Greek, indeed.

Pan. Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him the other day into the compass'd window,—and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin.

Cre. Indeed, a tapster's arithmetic may soon bring his particulars therein to a total. 240

Pan. Why, he is very young: and yet will he, within three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector.

Cre. Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter?

Pan. But, to prove to you that Helen loves him;—she came, and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin,—

Cre. Juno have mercy!—How came it cloven?

Pan. Why, you know, 'tis dimpled; I think, his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia. 250

Cre. O, he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cre. O, yes; an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why, go to then:—But, to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus,—

Cre. Troilus will stand to the proof, if you'll prove it so.

Pan. Troilus? why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

Cre. If you love an addle egg as well as you love

an idle head, you would eat chickens i'the shell. 261

Pan. I cannot chuse but laugh, to think how she tickled his chin;—Indeed, she has a marvellous white hand, I must needs confess.

Cre. Without the rack.

Pan. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

Cre. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

Pan. But, there was such laughing;—Queen Hecuba laugh'd, that her eyes ran o'er. 270

Cre. With mill-stones.

Pan. And Cassandra laugh'd.

Cre. But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes;—Did her eyes run o'er too?

Pan. And Hector laugh'd.

Cre. At what was all this laughing?

Pan. Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin.

Cre. An't had been a green hair, I should have laugh'd too. 280

Pan. They laugh'd not so much at the hair, as at his pretty answer.

Cre. What was his answer?

Pan. Quoth she, *Here's but one and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.*

Cre. This is her question.

Pan. That's true; make no question of that. *One and fifty hairs*, quoth he, *and one white: That white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons.* Jupiter! quoth she, *which of these hairs is Paris, my husband?*

The forked one, quoth he ; pluck it out, and give it him.
 But, there was such laughing ! and Helen so blush'd,
 and Paris so chaf'd, and all the rest so laugh'd, that
 it pass'd.

Cre. So let it now ; for it has been a great while
 going by.

Pan. Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday ;
 think on't.

Cre. So I do

299

Pan. I'll be sworn, 'tis true ; he will weep you, an
 'twere a man born in April. [*Sound a Retreat.*

Cre. And I'll spring up in his tears, an 'twere a
 nettle against May.

Pan. Hark, they are coming from the field : Shall
 we stand up here, and see them, as they pass toward
 Ilium ? good niece, do ; sweet niece Cressida.

Cre. At your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place ; here
 we may see most bravely : I'll tell you them all by
 their names, as they pass by ; but mark Troilus above
 the rest.

311

ÆNEAS passes over the Stage.

Cre. Speak not so loud.

Pan. That's Æneas ; Is not that a brave man ?
 he's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you ; But
 mark Troilus ; you shall see anon.

Cre. Who's that ?

ANTENOR

ANTENOR *passes over.*

Pan. That's Antenor; he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you; and he's a man good enough: he's one o' the soundest judgment in Troy, whosoever; and a proper man of person:—When comes Troilus?—I'll shew you Troilus anon; if he see me, you shall see him nod at me. 322

Cre. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.

Cre. If he do, the rich shall have more.

HECTOR *passes over.*

Pan. That's Hector, that, that, look you, that; There's a fellow!—Go thy way, Hector;—There's a brave man, niece.—O brave Hector!—Look, how he looks! there's a countenance: Is't not a brave man? 330

Cre. O, a brave man!

Pan. Is a' not? It does a man's heart good—Look you, what hacks are on his helmet? look you yonder, do you see? look you there! There's no jesting; laying on; take't off who will, as they say: there be hacks!

Cre. Be those with swords?

PARIS *passes over.*

Pan. Swords? any thing, he cares not: an the devil come to him, it's all one: By god's lid, it does one's heart good:—Yonder comes Paris, yonder

comes Paris : look ye yonder, niece ; Is't not a gallant man too, is't not ?—Why, this is brave now.—Who said, he came home hurt to-day ? he's not hurt : why, this will do Helen's heart good now. Ha ! 'would I could see Troilus now !—you shall see Troilus anon.

Cre. Who's that ?

HELENUS passes over.

Pan. That's Helenus,—I marvel, where Troilus is :—That's Helenus ;—I think he went not forth to-day ;—That's Helenus. 350

Cre. Can Helenus fight, uncle ?

Pan. Helenus ? no ;—yes, he'll fight indifferent well :—I marvel, where Troilus is !—Hark ! do you not hear the people cry, Troilus ? Helenus is a priest.

Cre. What sneaking fellow comes yonder ?

TROILUS passes over.

Pan. Where ? yonder ? that's Deiphobus : 'Tis Troilus ! there's a man, niece !—Hem !—Brave Troilus ! the prince of chivalry !

Cre. Peace, for shame, peace ! 360

Pan. Mark him ; note him ;—O brave Troilus !—look well upon him, niece ; look you, how his sword is bloody'd, and his helm more hack'd than Hector's ; And how he looks, and how he goes !—O admirable youth ! he ne'er saw three and twenty. Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way ; had I a sister were a grace, or daughter

a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris?—Paris is dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an eye to boot.

370

Enter Soldiers, &c.

Cre. Here come more.

Pan. Asses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran, chaff and bran! porridge after meat! I could live and die i' the eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles are gone; crows and daws, crows and daws! I had rather be such a man as Troilus, than Agamemnon and all Greece.

Cre. There is among the Greeks, Achilles; a better man than Troilus.

Pan. Achilles? a dray-man, a porter, a very camel.

Cre. Well, well. 381

Pan. Well, well?—Why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man?

Cre. Ay, a minc'd man: and then to be bak'd with no date in the pye,—for then the man's date is out.

Pan. You are such a woman! one knows not at what ward you lie. 391

Cre. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my mask, to defend my beauty;

beauty ; and you, to defend all these : and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cre. Nay, I'll watch you for that ; and that's one of the chiefest of them too : if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow ; unless it swell past hiding, and then it is past watching.

402

Pan. You are such another !

Enter TROILUS' Boy.

Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

Pan. Where ?

Boy. At your own house ; there he unarms him.

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come [*Exit Boy*] : I doubt he be hurt.—Fare ye well, good niece,

Cre. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

410

Cre. To bring, uncle,—

Pan. Ay, a token from Troilus.

Cre. By the same token—you are a bawd.—

[*Exit PANDARUS.*]

Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full sacrifice,
He offers in another's enterprize :

But more in Troilus thousand fold I see

Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be ;

Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing ;

Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing :

That she belov'd knows nought, that knows not this,—

Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is : 421

That she was never yet, that ever knew
 Love got so sweet, as when desire did sue :
 Therefore this maxim out of love I teach,—
 Achievement is, command ; ungain'd, beseech :
 Then though my heart's content firm love doth bear,
 Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

*The Grecian Camp. Trumpets. Enter AGAMEMNON,
 NESTOR, ULYSSES, MENELAUS, with others.*

Aga. Princes,

What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks ?
 The ample proposition, that hope makes 430
 In all designs begun on earth below,
 Fails in the promis'd largeness : checks and disasters
 Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd ;
 As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
 Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
 Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
 Nor, princes, is it matter new to us,
 That we come short of our suppose so far,
 That, after seven years' siege, yet Troy walls stand ;
 Sith every action that hath gone before, 440
 Whereof we have record, trial did draw
 Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,
 And that unbodied figure of the thought

That

That gave't surmised shape. Why then, you princes,
Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works;
And think them shames, which are, indeed, nought
else

But the protractive trials of great Jove,
To find persistive constancy in men?
The fineness of which metal is not found
In fortune's love: for then, the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the artist and unread, 452
The hard and soft, seem all affin'd and kin:
But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath mass, or matter, by itself
Lies, rich in virtue, and unmingled.

Nest. With due observance of thy godlike seat,
Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply
Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance 460
Lies the true proof of men: The sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast, making their way
With those of nobler bulk?
But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetis, and, anon, behold
The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,
Bounding between the two moist elements,
Like Perseus' horse: Where's then the saucy boat,
Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now 470
Co-rival'd greatness? either to harbour fled,
Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so

Doth

Doth valour's shew, and valour's worth, divide
In storms of fortune : For, in her ray and brightness,
The herd hath more annoyance by the brize,
Than by the tyger : but when splitting winds
Make flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
And flies flee under shade, Why, then, the thing of
courage,

As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,
And with an accent tun'd in self-same key, 480
Returns to chiding fortune.

Ulyss. Agamemnon,—

Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,
Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be shut up,—hear what Ulysses speaks.
Besides the applause and approbation
The which,—most mighty for thy place and sway,—

[*To AGAMEMNON.*

And thou most reverend for thy stretcht-out life,—

[*To NESTOR.*

I give to both your speeches,—which were such,
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece 491
Should hold up high in brass ; and such again,
As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,
Should with a bond of air (strong as the axle-tree
On which heaven rides) knit all the Greekish ears
To his experienc'd tongue,—yet let it please both,—
Thou great,—and wise,—to hear Ulysses speak.

Aga. Speak, prince of Ithaca ; and be't of less
expect

That

That matter needless, of importless burden,
Divide thy lips ; than we are confident,
When rank Thersites opes his mastiff jaws,
We shall hear music, wit, and oracle.

Ulyss. Troy, yet upon her basis, had been down,
And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a master,
But for these instances.

The specialty of rule hath been neglected ;
And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.
When that the general is not like the hive,
To whom the foragers shall all repair, 510
What honey is expected ? Degree being vizarded,
The unworthiest shews as fairly in the mask.
The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre,
Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order :
And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,
In noble eminence enthron'd and sphér'd
Amidst the other ; whose med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil, 520
And posts, like the commandment of a king,
Sans check, to good and bad : But, when the
planets,

In evil mixture, to disorder wander,
What plagues, and what portents? what mutiny?
What raging of the sea? shaking of earth?
Commotion in the winds? frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate

The unity and married calm of states
 Quite from their fixure? O, when degree is shak'd,
 Which is the ladder to all high designs, 530
 The enterprize is sick! How could communities,
 Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
 Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
 The primogenitive and due of birth,
 Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
 But by degree, stand in authentic place?
 Take but degree away, untune that string,
 And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets
 In meer oppugnancy: The bounded waters 540
 Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
 And make a sop of all this solid globe:
 Strength should be lord of imbecility,
 And the rude son should strike his father dead:
 Force should be right; or, rather, right and wrong
 (Between whose endless jar justice resides)
 Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
 Then every thing includes itself in power,
 Power into will, will into appetite;
 And appetite, an universal wolf, 550
 So doubly seconded with will and power,
 Must make perforce an universal prey,
 And, last, eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
 This chaos, when degree is suffocate,
 Follows the choking.
 And this neglect of degree it is,
 That by a pace goes backward, with a purpose
 It hath to climb: The general's disdain'd

That matter needless, of importless burden,
 Divide thy lips ; than we are confident, 500
 When rank Thersites opes his mastiff jaws,
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 That by a pace goes backward, with a purpose
 It hath to climb: The general's disdain'd

By him one step below ; he, by the next ;
 That next, by him beneath : so every step,
 Exempl'd by the first pace that is sick
 Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
 Of pale and bloodless emulation :
 And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
 Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
 Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.

560

Nest. Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd
 The fever whereof all our power is sick.

Aga. The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses,
 What is the remedy ?

Ulyss. The great Achilles,—whom opinion crowns
 The sinew and the forehead of our host,—
 Having his ear full of his airy fame,
 Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
 Lies mocking our designs : With him, Patroclus,
 Upon a lazy bed, the livelong day
 Breaks scurril jests ;
 And with ridiculous and aukward action
 (Which, slanderer, he imitation calls)
 He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,
 Thy topless deputation he puts on ;
 And, like a strutting player,—whose conceit
 Lies in his ham-string, and doth think it rich
 To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
 'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage,—
 Such to-be-pitied and o'er-rested seeming
 He acts thy greatness in : and when he speaks,

571

580

'Tis

'Tis like a chime a mending ; with terms unsquar'd,
Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon drop'd,
Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff,
The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling, 590
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause ;
Cries—*Excellent !—'tis Agamemnon just.*—

*Now play me Nestor ;—hem, and stroke thy beard,
As he, being 'drest to some oration.*

That's done ;—as near as the extremest ends
Of parallels ; as like as Vulcan and his wife :

Yet good Achilles still cries, *Excellent !*

*'Tis Nestor right ! Now play him me, Patroclus,
Arming to answer in a night alarm.*

And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age 600

Must be the scene of mirth ; to cough, and spit,

And with a palsy-fumbling on his gorget,

Shake in and out the rivet :—and at this sport,

Sir Valour dies ; cries, *O !—enough, Patroclus ;—*

Or give me ribs of steel ! I shall split all

In pleasure of my spleen. And in this fashion,

All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,

Severals and generals of grace exact,

Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,

Excitements to the field, or speech for truce, 610

Success, or loss, what is, or is not, serves

As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

Nest. And in the imitation of these twain

(Whom, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns

With an imperial voice) many are infect.

Ajax is grown self-will'd ; and bears his head

In such a rein, in full as proud a place
 As broad Achilles : keeps his tent like him ;
 Makes factious feasts ; rails on our state of war,
 Bold as an oracle : and sets Thersites 620
 (A slave, whose gall coins slanders like a mint)
 To match us in comparisons with dirt ;
 To weaken and discredit our exposure,
 How rank soever rounded in with danger.

Ulyss. They tax our policy, and call it cowardice ;
 Count wisdom as no member of the war ;
 Forestall prescience, and esteem no act
 But that of hand : the still and mental parts,—
 That do contrive how many hands shall strike,
 When fitness calls them on ; and know, by measure
 Of their observant toil, the enemies' weight,— 631
 Why, this hath not a finger's dignity ;
 They call this—bed-work, mappery, closet-war :
 So that the ram, that batters down the wall,
 For the great swing and rudeness of his poize,
 They place before his hand that made the engine ;
 Or those, that with the fineness of their souls
 By reason guide his execution.

Nest. Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse
 Makes many 'Thetis' sons. [*Trumpet sounds.*]

Aga. What trumpet ? look, Menelaus. 641

Men. From Troy.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Aga. What would you 'fore our tent ?

Æne. Is this great Agamemnon's tent, I pray you ?

Aga.

Aga. Even this.

Enc. May one, that is a herald, and a prince,
Do a fair message to his kingly ears?

Aga. With surety stronger than Achilles' arm
'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice
Call Agamemnon head and general. 650

Enc. Fair leave, and large security. How may
A stranger to those most imperial looks
Know them from eyes of other mortals?

Aga. How?

Enc. I ask, that I might waken reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
Modest as morning, when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phœbus:
Which is that god in office, guiding men?
Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon? 660

Aga. This Trojan scorns us; or the men of Troy
Are ceremonious courtiers.

Enc. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,
As bending angels; that's their fame in peace:
But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,
Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and, Jove's
accord,

Nothing so full of heart. But peace, Æneas,
Peace, Trojan; lay thy finger on thy lips!
The worthiness of praise distains his worth,
If that the prais'd himself bring the praise forth:
But what the repining enemy commends, 671
That breath fame blows; that praise, sole pure,
transcends.

Dij

Aga.

Aga. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself *Æneas*?

Æne. Ay, Greek, that is my name.

Aga. What's your affair, I pray you?

Æne. Sir, pardon; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.

Aga. He hears nought privately, that comes from
Troy.

Æne. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him :
I bring a trumpet to awake his ear ;
To set his sense on the attentive bent, 680
And then to speak.

Aga. Speak frankly as the wind ;
It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour ;
That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,
He tells thee so himself.

Æne. Trumpet, blow loud,
Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents ;—
And every Greek of mettle, let him know,
What Troy means fairly, shall be spoke aloud.

[*Trumpets sound.*]

We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy 690
A prince call'd Hector, Priam is his father,
Who in this dull and long-continu'd truce
Is rusty grown ; he bade me take a trumpet,
And to this purpose speak. Kings, princes, lords !
If there be one, among the fair'st of Greece,
That holds his honour higher than his ease ;
That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril ;
That knows his valour, and knows not his fear ;
That loves his mistress more than in confession
(With truant vows to her own lips he loves), 700
And

And dare avow her beauty, and her worth,
In other arms than hers,—to him this challenge.
Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it,
He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Than ever Greek did compass in his arms;
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,
Mid-way between your tents and walls of Troy,
To rouse a Grecian that is true in love:
If any come, Hector shall honour him; 710
If none, he'll say in Troy, when he retires,
The Grecian dames are sun-burn'd, and not worth
The splinter of a lance. Even so much.

Aga. This shall be told our lovers, lord Æneas;
If none of them have soul in such a kind,
We left them all at home: But we are soldiers;
And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets Hector; if none else, I am he. 720

Nest. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man
When Hector's grandsire suck'd: he is old now;
But, if there be not in our Grecian host
One noble man that hath one spark of fire,
To answer for his love, Tell him from me,—
I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn;
And, meeting him, will tell him, That my lady
Was fairer than his grandame, and as chaste
As may be in the world: His youth in flood, 730
I'll

I'll pawn this truth with my three drops of blood.

Ane. Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth!

Ulyss. Amen.

Aga. Fair lord *Æneas*, let me touch your hand;
To our pavilion shall I lead you, sir.

Achilles shall have word of this intent;

So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent:

Yourself shall feast with us before you go,

And find the welcome of a noble foe. [Exeunt.

Manent ULYSSES, and NESTOR.

Ulyss. Nestor,—

740

Nest. What says *Ulysses*?

Ulyss. I have a young conception in my brain,
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

Nest. What is't?

Ulyss. This 'tis:

Blunt wedges rive hard knots: The seeded pride
That hath to its maturity blown up

In rank *Achilles*, must or now be cropt,
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,
To over-bulk us all.

750

Nest. Well, and how?

Ulyss. This challenge that the gallant *Hector* sends,
However it is spread in general name,
Relates in purpose only to *Achilles*.

Nest. The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,
Whose grossness little characters sum up:
And, in the publication, make no strain,
But that *Achilles*, were his brain as barren

As

As banks of Libya,—though, Apollo knows,
 'Tis dry enough,—will with great speed of judgment,
 Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose 761
 Pointing on him.

Ulyss. And wake him to the answer, think you?

Nest. Yes, 'tis most meet; Whom may you else
 oppose,

That can from Hector bring those honours off,
 If not Achilles? Though't be a sportful combat,
 Yet in this trial much opinion dwells;
 For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute
 With their fin'st palate: And trust to me, Ulysses,
 Our imputation shall be oddly pois'd 770
 In this wild action: for the success,
 Although particular, shall give a scantling
 Of good or bad unto the general;
 And in such indexes, although small pricks
 To their subsequent volumes, there is seen
 The baby figure of the giant mass
 Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd,
 He, that meets Hector, issues from our choice:
 And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
 Makes merit her election; and doth boil, 780
 As 'twere from forth us all, a man distill'd
 Out of our virtues; who miscarrying,
 What heart receives from hence a conquering part,
 To steel a strong opinion to themselves?
 Which entertain'd, limbs are in his instruments,
 In no less working, than are swords and bows
 Directive by the limbs.

Ulyss.

Ulyss. Give pardon to my speech ;—
Therefore 'tis meet, Achilles meet not Hector.
Let us, like merchants, shew our foulest wares, 790
And think, perchance, they'll sell; if not,
The lustre of the better shall exceed,
By shewing the worst first. Do not consent,
That ever Hector and Achilles meet;
For both our honour and our shame, in this,
Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

Nest. I see them not with my old eyes ; What are
they ?

Ulyss. What glory our Achilles shares from Hector,
Were he not proud, we all should share with him :
But he already is too insolent ; 800
And we were better parch in Africk sun,
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
Should he 'scape Hector fair : If he were foil'd,
Why, then we did our main opinion crush
In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery ;
And, by device, let blockish Ajax draw
The sort to fight with Hector : Among ourselves,
Give him allowance as the better man,
For that will physick the great Myrmidon,
Who broils in loud applause ; and make him fall
His crest, that prouder than blue Iris bends. 811
If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off,
We'll dress him up in voices : If he fail,
Yet go we under our opinion still,
That we have better men. But, hit or miss,

Our

Our project's life this shape of sense assumes,—
Ajax, employ'd, plucks down Achilles' plumes.

Nest. Ulysses,

Now I begin to relish thy advice ;

And I will give a taste of it forthwith

820

To Agamemnon : go we to him straight.

Two curs shall tame each other ; Pride alone

Must tarre the mastiffs on, as' twere their bone.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Grecian Camp. Enter AJAX, and THERSITES.

Ajax.

THERSITES,—

Ther. Agamemnon—how if he had boils ? full, all
over, generally ?

Ajax. Thersites,—

Ther. And those boils did run !—Say so,—
did not the general run then ; were not that a botchy
core ?

Ajax. Dog,—

Ther. Then there would come some matter from
him ; I see none now.

10

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear ?
Feel then.

[*Strikes him.*]

Ther.

Ther. The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mungrel beef-witted lord!

Ajax. Speak then, thou unsalted leaven, speak: I will beat thee into handsomeness.

Ther. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness; but, I think, thy horse will sooner con an oration, than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canst strike, canst thou? a red murrain o' thy jade's tricks!

Ajax. Toads-stool, learn me the proclamation.

Ther. Dost thou think, I have no sense, thou strik'st me thus? 23

Ajax. The proclamation,——

Ther. Thou art proclaim'd a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porcupine, do not; my fingers itch.

Ther. I would, thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee; I would make thee the loathsomest scab in Greece. When thou art forth in the incursions, thou strikest as slow as another. 31

Ajax. I say, the proclamation,——

Ther. Thou grumblest and railest every hour on Achilles; and thou art as full of envy at his greatness, as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty, ay that thou bark'st at him.

Ajax. Mistress Thersites!

Ther. Thou should'st strike him.

Ajax. Cobloaf!

Ther. He would pun thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit. 41

Ajax. You whoreson cur!

[Beating him.

Ther.

Ther. Do, do.

Ajax. Thou stool for a witch!

Ther. Ay, do, do; thou sodden-witted lord! thou hast no more brain than I have in my elbows; an assinego may tutor thee; Thou scurvy valiant ass! thou art here put to thrash Trojans; and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit, like a Barbarian slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

52

Ajax. You dog!

Ther. You scurvy lord!

Ajax. You cur!

[*Beating him.*]

Ther. Mars his idiot! do, rudeness; do, camel; do, do.

Enter ACHILLES, *and* PATROCLUS.

Achil. Why, how now, Ajax? wherefore do you thus?

How now Thersites? what's the matter, man?

Ther. You see him there, do you?

60

Achil. Ay; What's the matter?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.

Achil. So I do; What's the matter?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. Well, why I do so.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him: for, whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.

Achil. I know that, fool.

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

E

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Ajax. You cur!

[Beating him.

Ther. Mars his ideot! do, rudeness; do, camel; do, do.

Enter ACHILLES, *and* PATROCLUS.

Achil. Why, how now, Ajax? wherefore do you thus?

How now Thersites? what's the matter, man?

Ther. You see him there, do you?

60

Achil. Ay; What's the matter?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.

Achil. So I do; What's the matter?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. Well, why I do so.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him: for, whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.

Achil. I know that, fool.

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

E

Ajax.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee. 70

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters ! his evasions have ears thus long. I have bobb'd his brain, more than he has beat my bones : I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his *pia mater* is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord, Achilles, Ajax,—who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head,—I'll tell you what I say of him.

Achil. What ?

Ther. I say, this Ajax—— 80

Achil. Nay, good Ajax.

[*AJAX offers to strike him, ACHILLES interposes.*

Ther. Has not so much wit——

Achil. Nay, I must hold you.

Ther. As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, fool !

Ther. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not : he there ; that he ; look you there.

Ajax. O thou damn'd cur ! I shall——

Achil. Will you set your wit to a fool's ? 90

Ther. No, I warrant you ; for a fool's will shame it.

Patr. Good words, Thersites.

Achil. What's the quarrel ?

Ajax. I bade the vile owl, go learn me the tenour of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I serve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I serve here voluntary.

Achil.

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SHAKSPEARE.



TRIOLUS and CRESSIDA.
Come draw this curtain, and let's
see your picture.

Act 3.

Scene 2

J. M. Morris, the junior, Scul.

1785.

N. Le Merc. Scul.

London Printed for J Bell British Library Strand Oct^r 1st 1785.

Achil. Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary: Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

Ther. Even so?—a great deal of your wit too lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains; 'a were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, Thersites?

Ther. There's Ulysses and old Nestor,—whose wit was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails on their toes,—yoke you like draft oxen, and make you plough up the war.

110

Achil. What, what?

Ther. Yes, good sooth; To, Achilles! to, Ajax! to!

Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter; I shall speak as much as thou, afterwards.

Patr. No more words, Thersites; peace.

Ther. I will hold my peace when Achilles' brach bids me, shall I?

Achil. There's for you, Patroclus.

120

Ther. I will see you hang'd, like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your tents; I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools.

[Exit.

Patr. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry this, sir, is proclaim'd through all our host:

That Hector, by the fifth hour of the sun,

E i j

Will,

Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and Troy,
To-morrow morning call some knight to arms,
That hath a stomach; and such a one, that dare
Maintain—I know not what; 'tis trash: Farewel.

Ajax. Farewel. Who shall answer him? 131

Achil. I know not, it is put to lottery; otherwise,
He knew his man.

Ajax. O, meaning you:—I'll go learn more of it.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Troy. PRIAM's Palace. Enter PRIAM, HECTOR,
TROILUS, PARIS, and HELENUS.

Pri. After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,
Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks;
Deliver Helen, and all damage else—
As honour, loss of time, travel, expence,
Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consum'd
In hot digestion of this cormorant war,— 140
Shall be struck off:— Hector, what say you to't?

Hecl. Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I,
As far as toucheth my particular, yet,
Dread Priam,
There is no lady of more softer bowels,
More spongy to suck in the sense of fear,
More ready to cry out—*Who knows what follows?*
Than Hector is: The wound of peace is surety,
Surety

Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd
 The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches 150
 To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go:
 Since the first sword was drawn about this question,
 Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand dismes,
 Hath been as dear as Helen; I mean, of ours:
 If we have lost so many tenths of ours,
 To guard a thing not ours; not worth to us,
 Had it our name, the value of one ten;
 What merit's in that reason, which denies
 The yielding of her up?

Troi. Fie, fie, my brother! 160

Weigh you the worth and honour of a king,
 So great as our dread father, in a scale
 Of common ounces? will you with counters sum
 The past-proportion of his infinite?
 And buckle-in a waist most fathomless,
 With spans and inches so diminutive
 As fears and reasons? fie, for godly shame!

Hel. No marvel, though you bite so sharp at
 reasons,

You are so empty of them. Should not our father
 Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons, 170
 Because your speech hath none, that tells him so?

Troi. You are for dreams and slumbers, brother
 priest,

You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your
 reasons:

You know, an enemy intends you harm;
 You know, a sword employ'd is perilous,

And reason flies the object of all harm :
 Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds
 A Grecian and his sword, if he do set
 The very wings of reason to his heels ;
 And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove, 180
 Or like a star dis-orb'd ?—Nay, if we talk of reason,
 Let's shut our gates, and sleep : Manhood and honour
 Should have hare hearts, would they but fat their
 thoughts

With this cramm'd reason : reason and respect
 Make livers pale, and lustyhood deject.

Hect. Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost
 The holding.

Troi. What is aught, but as 'tis valu'd ?

Hect. But value dwells not in particular will ;
 It holds his estimate and dignity 190
 As well wherein 'tis precious of itself,
 As in the prizer : 'tis mad idolatry,
 To make the service greater than the god ;
 And the will dotes, that is inclinable
 To what infectiously itself affects,
 Without some image of the affected merit.

Troi. I take to-day a wife, and my election
 Is led on in the conduct of my will ;
 My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
 Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores 200
 Of will and judgment ; How may I avoid,
 Although my will distaste what it elected,
 The wife I chose ? there can be no evasion
 To blench from this, and to stand firm by honour:

We

We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,
 When we have soil'd them; nor the remainder
 viands

We do not throw in unrespective sieve,
 Because we now are full. It was thought meet,
 Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks:
 Your breath of full consent belly'd his sails; 219
 The seas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,
 And did him service: he touch'd the ports desir'd;
 And, for an old aunt, whom the Greeks held captive,
 He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and fresh-
 ness

Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes pale the morning.
 Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt:
 Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl,
 Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships,
 And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.
 If you'll avouch, 'twas wisdom Paris went 220
 (As you must needs, for you all cry'd—*Go, go*),
 If you'll confess, he brought home noble prize,
 (As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your hands,
 And cry'd—*Inestimable!*) why do you now
 The issue of your proper wisdoms rate;
 And do a deed that fortune never did,
 Beggar the estimation which you priz'd
 Richer than sea and land? O theft most base;
 That we have stolen what we do fear to keep!
 But, thieves, unworthy of a thing so stolen, 230
 That in their country did them that disgrace,
 We fear to warrant in our native place!

Cqs.

Cas. [*Within.*] Cry, Trojans, cry!

Pri. What noise? what shriek is this?

Troi. 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voice.

Cas. [*Within.*] Cry, Trojans!

Hec. It is Cassandra.

Enter CASSANDRA, raving.

Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,

And I will fill them with prophetic tears.

Hec. Peace, sister, peace. 240

Cas. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled elders,

Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,

Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes

A moiety of that mass of moan to come.

Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears!

Troy, must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand;

Our fire-brand brother, Paris, burns us all.

Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen, and a woe:

Cry, cry, Troy burns, or else let Helen go. [*Exit.*

Hec. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high strains 250

Of divination in our sister work

Some touches of remorse? or is your blood

So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,

Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,

Can qualify the same?

Troi. Why, brother Hector,

We may not think the justness of each act

Such

Such and no other than event doth form it ;
 Nor once deject the courage of our minds,
 Because Cassandra's mad ; her brain-sick raptures
 Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel, 261
 Which hath our several honours all engag'd
 To make it gracious. For my private part,
 I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons :
 And Jove forbid, there should be done amongst us
 Such things as would offend the weakest spleen
 To fight for and maintain !

Par. Else might the world convince of levity
 As well my undertakings, as your counsels :
 But I attest the gods, your full consent 270
 Gave wings to my propension, and cut off
 All fears attending on so dire a project.
 For what, alas, can these my single arms ?
 What propugnation is in one man's valour,
 To stand the push and enmity of those
 This quarrel would excite ? Yet, I protest,
 Were I alone to pass the difficulties,
 And had as ample power as I have will,
 Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,
 Nor faint in the pursuit. 280

Pri. Paris, you speak
 Like one besotted on your sweet delights :
 You have the honey still, but these the gall ;
 So to be valiant, is no praise at all.

Par. Sir, I propose not merely to myself
 The pleasures such a beauty brings with it ;
 But I would have the soil of her fair rape

Wip'd

Wip'd off, in honourable keeping her.
 What treason were it to the ransack'd queen,
 Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
 Now to deliver her possession up, 291
 On terms of base compulsion? can it be,
 That so degenerate a strain as this,
 Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?
 There's not the meanest spirit on our party,
 Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
 When Helen is defended; nor none so noble,
 Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death unfam'd,
 Where Helen is the subject: then, I say,
 Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,
 The world's large spaces cannot parallel. 301

Hel. Paris, and Troilus, you have both said well;
 And on the cause and question now in hand
 Have glaz'd, but superficially; not much
 Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought
 Unfit to hear moral philosophy:
 The reasons, you allege, do more conduce
 To the hot passion of distemper'd blood,
 Than to make up a free determination
 'Twixt right and wrong; For pleasure, and revenge,
 Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice 311
 Of any true decision. Nature craves,
 All dues be render'd to their owners; Now
 What nearer debt in all humanity,
 Than wife is to the husband? if this law
 Of nature be corrupted through affection;
 And that great minds, of partial indulgence

To

To their benumbed wills, resist the same ;
There is a law in each well-order'd nation,
To curb those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refractory. 320

If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king,——
As it is known she is,——these moral laws
Of nature, and of nations, speak aloud
To have her back return'd : Thus to persist
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion
Is this, in way of truth : yet, ne'ertheless,
My sprightly brethren, I propend to you
In resolution to keep Helen still ; 330
For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependance
Upon our joint and several dignities.

Troi. Why, there you touch'd the life of our de-
sign :

Were it not glory that we more affected
Than the performance of our heaving spleens,
I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,
She is a theme of honour and renown ;
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds ;
Whose present courage may beat down our foes,
And fame, in time to come, canonize us : 341
For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose
So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
As smiles upon the forehead of this action,
For the wide world's revenue.

Hec.

Hecl. I am yours,
 You valiant offspring of great Priamus.—
 I have a roisting challenge sent amongst
 The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks,
 Will strike amazement to their drowzy spirits : 350
 I was advertis'd their great general slept,
 Whilst emulation in the army crept ;
 This, I presume, will wake him. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

The Grecian Camp. ACHILLES' Tent. Enter THER-
 SITES.

How now, Thersites? what, lost in the labyrinth
 of thy fury? Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus?
 he beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy satisfaction!
 'would, it were otherwise, that I could beat him,
 whilst he rail'd at me: 'Sfoot, I'll learn to conjure
 and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful
 execrations. Then there's Achilles,—a rare engineer.
 If Troy be not taken 'till these two undermine it, the
 walls will stand 'till they fall of themselves. O thou
 great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou
 art Jove the king of gods; and, Mercury, lose all
 the serpentine craft of thy *Caduceus*; if ye take not
 that little little less-than-little wit from them that
 they have! which short-arm'd ignorance itself knows
 is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention
 deliver

deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing the massy iron, and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or, rather, the bone-ache! for that, methinks, is the curse dependant on those that war for a placket. I have said my prayers; and devil envy, say Amen. What, ho! my lord Achilles!

375

Enter PATROCLUS.

Patr. Who's there? Thersites? Good Thersites, come in and rail.

Ther. If I could have remember'd a gilt counterfeit, thou wouldst not have slipp'd out of my contemplation: but it is no matter, Thyself upon thyself! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction 'till thy death! then if she, that lays thee out, says—thou art a fair corse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon't, she never shrouded any but lazars. Amen. Where's Achilles?

Patr. What, art thou devout? wast thou in prayer?

Ther. Ay; The heavens hear me!

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Who's there?

390

Patr. Thersites, my lord.

Achil. Where, where?—Art thou come? Why, my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not serv'd thyself in to my table so many meals? Come; what's Agamemnon!

F

Ther.

Ther. Thy commander, Achilles;—Then tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?

Patr. Thy lord, Thersites; Then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself?

Ther. Thy knower, Patroclus; Then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou? 401

Patr. Thou may'st tell, that know'st.

Achil. O, tell, tell.

Ther. I'll decline the whole question. Agamemnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower; and Patroclus is a fool.

Patr. You rascal!

Ther. Peace, fool; I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileg'd man.—Proceed, Thersites.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; Thersites is a fool; and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool. 412

Achil. Derive this; come.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon; Thersites is a fool, to serve such a fool; and Patroclus is a fool positive.

Patr. Why am I a fool?

Ther. Make that demand of the prover.—It suffices me, thou art. Look you, who comes here? 421

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, and AJAX.

Achil. Patroclus, I'll speak with no body:—Come in with me, Thersites, [Exit.

Ther.

Ther. Here is such patchery, such juggling, and such knavery ! all the argument is—a cuckold, and a whore ; a good quarrel, to draw emulous factions, and bleed to death upon. Now the dry *serpigo* on the subject ! and war, and lechery, confound all !

[*Exit.*

Aga. Where is Achilles ?

429

Patr. Within his tent ; but ill-dispos'd, my lord.

Aga. Let it be known to him, that we are here.

He shent our messengers ; and we lay by

Our appertainments, visiting of him :

Let him be told so ; lest, perchance, he think

We dare not move the question of our place,

Or know not what we are.

Patr. I shall so say to him.

[*Exit.*

Ulys. We saw him at the opening of his tent :

He is not sick.

439

Ajax. Yes, lion-sick, sick of a proud heart : you may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man ; but, by my head, 'tis pride : But why, why ? let him shew us a cause.—A word, my lord.

[*To AGAMEMNON.*

Nest. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him ?

Ulyss. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

Nest. Who ? Thersites ?

Ulyss. He.

Nest. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his argument.

Ulyss. No ; you see, he is his argument, that has his argument ; Achilles.

451

Fij

Nest,

Nest. All the better ; their fraction is more our wish, than their faction : But it was a strong composure, a fool could disunite.

Ulyss. The amity, that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie. Here comes Patroclus.

Re-enter PATROCLUS.

Nest. No Achilles with him.

Ulyss. The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy ;

His legs are for necessity, not for flexure.

Patr. Achilles bids me say—he is much sorry, 460
If any thing more than your sport and pleasure
Did move your greatness, and this noble state,
To call on him ; he hopes, it is no other,
But, for your health and you digestion sake,
An after-dinner's breath.

Aga. Hear you, Patroclus ;—
We are too well acquainted with these answers :
But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn,
Cannot out-fly our apprehensions.
Much attribute he hath ; and much the reason 470
Why we ascribe it to him : yet all his virtues,—
Not virtuously on his own part beheld,—
Do, in our eyes, begin to lose their gloss ;
Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish,
Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him,
We come to speak to him : And you shall not sin,
If you do say—we think him over-proud,
And under-honest ; in self-assumption greater,
Than

Than in the note of judgment ; and worthier than
himself,

Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on ; 480

Disguise the holy strength of their command,

And under-write in an observing kind

His humourous predominance ; yea, watch

His pettish lunes, his ebbs, his flows, as if

The passage and whole carriage of this action

Rode on his tide. Go, tell him this ; and add,

That, if he over-hold his price so much,

We'll none of him ; but let him, like an engine

Not portable, lie under this report—

Bring action hither, this cannot go to war ; 490

A stirring dwarf we do allowance give

Before a sleeping giant :—Tell him so.

Patr. I shall ; and bring his answer presently.

[*Exit.*

Aga. In second voice we'll not be satisfied,

We come to speak with him.—Ulysses, enter you.

[*Exit* ULYSSES.

Ajax. What is he more than another ?

Aga. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he so much ? Do you not think, he thinks
himself

A better man than I ?

Aga. No question. 500

Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say—
he is ?

Aga. No, noble Ajax ; you are as strong, as va-
liant,

As wise, and no less noble, much more gentle,
And altogether more tractable.

Ajax. Why should a man be proud?
How doth pride grow? I know not what pride is.

Aga. Your mind's the clearer, Ajax, and your
virtues

The fairer. He that's proud, eats up himself:
Pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his
Own chronicle; and whate'er praises itself 510
But in the deed, devours the deed i' the praise.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads.

Nest. [*Aside.*] And yet he loves himself; Is it not strange?

Re-enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

Aga. What's his excuse?

Ulyss. He doth rely on none;
But carries on the stream of his dispose,
Without observance or respect of any, 520
In will peculiar and in self-admission.

Aga. Why will he not, upon our fair request,
Untent his person, and share the air with us?

Ulyss. Things small as nothing, for request's sake
only,

He makes important: Possess he is with greatness;
And speaks not to himself, but with a pride
That quarrels at self-breath: imagin'd worth
Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse,
That,

That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts,
 Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages, 530
 And batters down himself: What should I say?
 He is so plaguy proud, that the death tokens of it
 Cry—*No recovery.*

Aga. Let Ajax go to him.—

Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent:
 'Tis said, he holds you well; and will be led,
 At your request, a little from himself.

Ulyss. O Agamemnon, let it not be so!

We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes,
 When they go from Achilles! Shall the proud lord,
 That bastes his arrogance with his own seam; 541
 And never suffers matter of the world

Enter his thoughts,—save such as do revolve
 And ruminate himself,—shall he be worshipp'd
 Of that we hold an idol more than he?

No, this thrice-worthy and right-valiant lord
 Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd;
 Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,

As amply titled as Achilles is,

By going to Achilles: 550

That were to enlard his fat-already pride;
 And add more coals to Cancer, when he burns
 With entertaining great Hyperion.

This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid!

And say in thunder—*Achilles, go to him.*

Nest. O, this is well; he rubs the vein of him.

[*Aside.*

Dio.

Dio. And how his silence drinks up this applause!

[*Aside.*

Ajax. If I go to him, with my armed fist
I'll pash him o'er the face.

Ag. O, no, you shall not go. 560

Ajax. An he be proud with me, I'll pheeze his
pride:—

Let me go to him.

Ulyss. Not for the worth that hangs upon our
quarrel.

Ajax. A paltry insolent fellow,—

Nest. How he describes himself! [*Aside.*

Ajax. Can he not be sociable?

Ulyss. The raven chides blackness. [*Aside.*

Ajax. I'll let his humours blood.

Ag. He will be the physician, that should be the
patient. [*Aside.*

Ajax. An all men were o' my mind,— 570

Ulyss. Wit would be out of fashion. [*Aide.*

Ajax. He should not bear it so,

He should eat swords first: Shall pride carry it?

Nest. An 'twould, you'd carry half. [*Aside.*

Ulyss. He would have ten shares. [*Aside.*

Ajax. I will knead him, 'Ill make him supple:—

Nest. He's not yet thorough warm: force him with
praises: [*Aside.*

Pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry.

Ulyss. My lord, you feed too much on this dislike.

[*To AGAMEMNON.*

Nest. Our noble general, do not do so. 580

Dio.

Dio. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

Ulyss. Why, 'tis this naming of him does him harm.

Here is a man——But 'tis before his face ;
I will be silent.

Nest. Wherefore should you so ?
He is not emulous, as Achilles is.

Ulyss. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Ajax. A whoreson dog, that shall palter thus with us !

'Would he were a Trojan !

Nest. What a vice were it in Ajax now—— 590

Ulyss. If he were proud ?

Dio. Or covetous of praise ?

Ulyss. Ay, or surly borne ?

Dio. Or strange, or self-affected ?

Ulyss. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet composure ;

Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck :

Fam'd be thy tutor ; and thy parts of nature

Thrice-fam'd, beyond beyond all erudition :

But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight,

Let Mars divide eternity in twain, · 600

And give him half : and, for thy vigor,

Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield

To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,

Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines

Thy spacious and dilated parts : Here's Nestor,—

Instructed by the antiquary times,

He must, he is, he cannot but be wise ;—

But

But pardon, father Nestor, were your days
 As green as Ajax, and your brain so temper'd,
 You should not have the eminence of him, 610
 But be as Ajax.

Ajax. Shall I call you father?

Nest. Ay, my good son.

Dio. Be rul'd by him, lord Ajax.

Ulyss. There is no tarrying here; the hart Achilles
 Keeps thicket. Please it our great general
 To call together all his state of war;
 Fresh kings are come to Troy: To-morrow,
 We must with all our main of power stand fast:
 And here's a lord,—come knights from east to west,
 And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.

Aga. Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep:
 Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw
 deep. [Exeunt.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Troy. The Palace. Enter PANDARUS, and a Servant,
[Musick within.]

Pandarus.

FRIEND! you! pray you, a word: Do not you
 follow the young lord Paris?

Serv. Ay, sir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You do depend upon him, I mean?

Serv.

Serv. Sir, I do depend upon the lord.

Pan. You do depend upon a noble gentleman; I must needs praise him.

Serv. The lord be praised!

Pan. You know me, do you not?

Serv. 'Faith, sir, superficially. 10

Pan. Friend, know me better; I am the lord Pandarus.

Serv. I hope, I shall know your honour better.

Pan. I do desire it.

Serv. You are in the state of grace?

Pan. Grace! not so, friend; honour and lordship are my titles:—What musick is this?

Serv. I do but partly know, sir: it is musick in parts.

Pan. Know you the musicians? 20

Serv. Wholly, sir.

Pan. Who play they to?

Serv. To the hearers, sir.

Pan. At whose pleasure, friend?

Serv. At mine, sir, and theirs that love musick.

Pan. Command, I mean, friend.

Serv. Who shall I command, sir?

Pan. Friend, we understand not one another; I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning: At whose request do these men play? 30

Serv. That's to't, indeed, sir: Marry, sir, at the request of Paris my lord, who is there in person; with him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's invisible soul,—

Pan.

Pan. Who, my cousin Cressida?

Serv. No, sir, Helen; Could you not find out that by her attributes?

Pan. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the lady Cressida. I come to speak with Paris from the prince Troilus: I will make a complimentary assault upon him, for my business seeths. 41

Serv. Sodden business! there's a stew'd phrase, indeed!

Enter PARIS, and HELEN, attended.

Pan. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly guide them!—especially to you, fair queen! fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

Helen. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

Pan. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen.—Fair prince, here is good broken musick. 50

Par. You have broke it, cousin: and, by my life, you shall make it whole again; you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance:—Nell, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

Helen. O, sir,—

Pan. Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.

Par. Well said, my lord! well, you say so in fits.

Pan. I have business to my lord, dear queen:—My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word? 60

Helen. Nay, this shall not hedge us out; we'll hear you sing, certainly.

Pan.

Pan. Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with me.
—But (marry) thus, my lord.—My dear lord,
and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus—

Helen. My lord Pandarus; honey-sweet lord,—

Pan. Go to, sweet queen, go to:—commends himself most affectionately to you.

Helen. You shall not bob us out of our melody; If
you do, our melancholy upon your head! 70

Pan. Sweet queen, sweet queen; that's a sweet
queen, i' faith.

Helen. And to make a sweet lady sad, is a sour
offence.

Pan. Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that
shall it not, in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such
words; no, no.—And, my lord, he desires you, that,
if the king call for him at supper, you will make his
excuse.

Helen. My lord Pandarus,— 80

Pan. What says my sweet queen; my very very
sweet queen?

Pan. What exploit's in hand? where sups he to-
night?

Helen. Nay, but my lord,—

Pan. What says my sweet queen? My cousin will
fall out with you.

Helen. You must not know where he sups.

Par. I'll lay my life, with my disposer Cressida.

Pan. No, no, no such matter, you are wide; come,
your disposer is sick. 91

Par. Well, I'll make excuse.

G

Pan.

Pan. Ay, good my lord. Why should you say—
Cressida? no, your poor disposer's sick.

Par. I spy.

Pan. You spy! what do you spy?—Come, give
me an instrument.—Now, sweet queen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you
have, sweet queen. 100

Helen. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my
lord Paris.

Pan. He! no, she'll none of him; they two are
twain.

Helen. Falling in, after falling out, may make them
three.

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this; I'll
sing you a song now.

Helen. Ay, ay, pr'ythee now. By my troth, sweet
lord, thou hast a fine forehead. 110

Pan. Ay, you may, you may.

Helen. Let thy song be love: this love will undo us
all. Oh, Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

Pan. Love! ay, that it shall, i'faith.

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth, it begins so:

Love, love, nothing but love, still more!

For, oh, love's bow

Shoots buck and doe;

The shaft confounds

Not that it wounds,

But tickles still the sore.

120

These

These lovers cry—Oh! oh! they die!
Yet that which seems the wound to kill,
Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!
So dying love lives still:
Oh! Oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha!
Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!

Hey ho! 129

Helen. In love, i'faith, to the very tip of the nose.

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love; and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds?—Why, they are vipers: Is love a generation of vipers? Sweet lord, who's a-field to-day?

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy: I would fain have arm'd to-day, but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not? 142

Helen. He hangs the lip at something;—you know all, lord Pandarus.

Pan. Not I, honey-sweet queen.—I long to hear how they sped to-day.—You'll remember your brother's excuse?

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewel, sweet queen.

Helen. Commend me to your niece. 150

Pan. I will, sweet queen. [*Exit. Sound a Retreat.*]

G ij

Par.

Par. They are come from field: let us to Priam's hall,

To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you
To help unarm our Hector: his stubborn buckles,
With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd,
Shall more obey, than to the edge of steel,
Or force of Greekish sinews; you shall do more
Than all the island kings, disarm great Hector.

Helen. 'Twill make us proud to be his servant,
Paris:

Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty 160
Gives us more palm in beauty than we have;
Yea, over-shines ourself.

Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*PANDARUS' Garden. Enter PANDARUS, and TROI-
LUS' Man.*

Pan. How now? where's thy master? at my cousin Cressida's?

Serv. No, sir; he stays for you to conduct him thither.

Enter TROIUS.

Pan. O, here he comes.—How now, how now?

Troi. Sirrah, walk off.

Pan.

Pan. Have you seen my cousin ?

170

Troi. No, Pandarus : I stalk about her door,
Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks,
Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon,
And give me swift transportance to those fields,
Where I may wallow in the lily beds
Propos'd for the deserver ! O gentle Pandarus,
From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to Cressid !

Pan. Walk here i' the orchard, I will bring her
straight.

[Exit PANDARUS.

Troi. I am giddy ; expectation whirls me round.
The imaginary relish is so sweet 181
That it enchants my sense ; What will it be,
When that the watry palate tastes indeed
Love's thrice-reputed nectar ? death, I fear me ;
Swooning destruction ; or some joy too fine,
Too subtle-potent, tun'd too sharp in sweetness,
For the capacity of my ruder powers :
I fear it much ; and I do fear besides,
That I shall lose distinction in my joys ;
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps 190
The enemy flying.

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. She's making her ready, she'll come straight :
you must be witty now. She does so blush, and
fetches her wind so short, as if she were fray'd with a
sprite : I'll fetch her. It is the prettiest villain :—she

G iij

fetches

fetches her breath as short as a new-ta'en sparrow.

[Exit PANDARUS.]

Troi. Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom :

My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse ;
And all my powers do their bestowing lose,
Like vassalage at unawares encount'ring 200
The eye of majesty.

Enter PANDARUS, and CRESSIDA.

Pan. Come, come, what need you blush ? shame's a baby.—Here she is now : swear the oaths now to her, that you have sworn to me.—What, are you gone again ? you must be watch'd ere you be made tame, must you ? Come your ways, come your ways ; an you draw backward, we'll put you i' the files.—Why do you not speak to her ?—Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your picture. Alas the day, how loth you are to offend day-light ! an 'twere dark, you'd close sooner. So, so ; rub on, and kiss the mistress. How now, a kiss in fee-farm ! build there, carpenter ; the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out, ere I part you. The faulcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i' the river ; go to, go to. 215

Troi. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds : but she'll bereave you of the deeds too, if she call your activity in question. What, billing again ? here's—
In witness whereof the parties interchangeably—Come in, come in ; I'll go get a fire. [Exit PANDARUS.]

Cres.

Cre. Will you walk in, my lord?

Troi. O Cressida, how often have I wish'd me thus?

Cre. Wish'd, my lord?—The gods grant!—O my lord!

Troi. What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? What too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

Cre. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

Troi. Fears make devils of cherubims; they never see truly.

231

Cre. Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear: To fear the worst, oft cures the worst.

Troi. O, let my lady apprehend no fear: in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.

Cre. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

Troi. Nothing, but our undertakings; when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tygers; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstruosity in love, lady,—that the will is infinite, and the execution confin'd; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit.

Cre. They say, all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform; vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

250

Troi.

Troi. Are there such ? such are not we : Praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove ; our head shall go bare, 'till merit crown it : no perfection in reverence shall have a praise in present : we will not name desert, before his birth ; and, being born, his addition shall be humble. Few words to fair faith : Troilus shall be such to Cressid, as what envy can say worst, shall be a mock for his truth ; and what truth can speak truest, not truer than Troilus.

Cre. Will you walk in, my lord ? 260

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. What, blushing still ? have you not done talking yet ?

Cre. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that ; if my lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me : Be true to my lord ; if he flinch, chide me for it.

Troi. You know now your hostages ; your uncle's word, and my firm faith. 269

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too ; our kindred, though they be long ere they are woo'd, they are constant, being won : they are burrs, I can tell you ; they'll stick where they are thrown.

Cre. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart :——

Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you night and day,
For many weary months.

Troi. Why was my Cressid then so hard to win ?

Cre.

Cre. Hard to seem won; but I was won, my lord,
With the first glance that ever——Pardon me;—
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant. 280

I love you now; but not, 'till now, so much
But I might master it:——in faith, I lie;
My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown
Too headstrong for their mother: See, we fools!
Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us,
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?

But, though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not;
And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man;
Or, that we women had men's privilege
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue;
For, in this rapture, I shall surely speak 291

The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,
Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws
My very soul of counsel: Stop my mouth.

Troi. And shall, albeit sweet musick issues thence.

Pan. Pretty, i'faith.

Cre. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me;
'Twas not my purpose, thus to beg a kiss:
I am asham'd;—O heavens! what have I done?—
For this time will I take my leave, my lord. 300

Troi. Your leave, sweet Cressid?

Pan. Leave! an you take leave 'till to-morrow
morning,——

Cre. Pray you, content you.

Troi. What offends you, lady?

Cre. Sir, mine own company.

Troi.

Troi. You cannot shun yourself.

Cre. Let me go and try :

I have a kind of self resides with you ;
But an unkind self, that itself will leave, 310
To be another's fool. I would be gone :—
Where is my wit ? I speak I know not what.

Troi. Well know they what they speak, that speak
so wisely.

Cre. Perchance, my lord, I shew more craft than
love ;

And fell so roundly to a large confession,
To angle for your thoughts : But you are wise ;
Or else you love not ; For to be wise, and love,
Exceeds man's might ; that dwells with gods above.

Troi. O, that I thought it could be in a woman
(As, if it can, I will presume in you), 321
To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love ;
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
Out-living beauties outward, with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays !
Or, that persuasion could but thus convince me,—
That my integrity and truth to you
Might be affronted with the match and weight
Of such a winnow'd purity in love ;
How were I then uplifted ! but, alas, 330
I am as true as truth's simplicity,
And simpler than the infancy of truth.

Cre. In that I'll war with you,

Troi. O virtuous fight,
When right with right wars who shall be most right !
True

True swains in love shall, in the world come,
 Approve their truths by Troilus: when their rhymes,
 Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,
 Want similies, truth tir'd with iteration,—
 As true as steel, as plantage to the moon, 340
 As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
 As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre,—
 Yet, after all comparisons of truth,
 As truth's authentic author to be cited,
 As true as Troilus shall crown up the verse,
 And sanctify the numbers.

Cre. Prophet may you be!

If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
 When time is old and hath forgot itself,
 When water-drops have worn the stones of Troy,
 And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up, 351
 And mighty states characterless are grated
 To dusty nothing; yet let memory,
 From false to false, among false maids in love,
 Upbraid my falsehood! when they have said—as false
 As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,
 As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
 Pard to the hind, or step-dame to her son;
 Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
 As false as Cressid. 360

Pan. Go to, a bargain made: seal it, seal it; I'll
 be the witness.—Here I hold your hand; here, my
 cousin's. If ever you prove false to one another,
 since I have taken such pains to bring you together,
 let all pitiful goers-between be called to the world's

end after my name, call them all—Pandars; let all inconstant men be Troilus's, all false women Cressids, and all brokers-between Pandars! say, amen.

Troi. Amen.

370

Cre. Amen.

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will shew you a bed-chamber; which bed, because it shall not speak of your pretty encounters, press it to death: away.

And Cupid grant all tongue-ty'd maidens here,
Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this gear!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The Grecian Camp. Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, DIOMED, NESTOR, AJAX, MENELAUS, and CALCHAS.

Cal. Now, princes, for the service I have done you,
The advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompence. Appear it to your mind,
That, through the sight I bear in things, to Jove
I have abandon'd Troy, left my possessions, 381
Incurr'd a traitor's name; expos'd myself,
From certain and possess conveniences,
To doubtful fortunes; sequestering from me all
That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition,
Made tame and most familiar to my nature;
And here, to do you service, am become

As new into the world, strange, unacquainted :
I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
To give me now a little benefit,
Out of those many registred in promise,
Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.

390

Aga. What wouldst thou of us, Trojan? make demand.

Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor,
Yesterday took; Troy holds him very dear.
Oft have you (often have you thanks therefore)
Desir'd my Cressid in right great exchange,
Whom Troy hath still deny'd: But this Antenor,
I know, is such a wrest in their affairs,
That their negotiations all must slack,
Wanting his manage; and they will almost
Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,
In change of him: let him be sent, great princes,
And he shall buy my daughter; and her presence
Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
In most accepted pain.

400

Aga. Let Diomedes bear him,
And bring us Cressid hither; Calchas shall have
What he requests of us.—Good Diomed,
Furnish you fairly for this enterchange:
Withal, bring word—if Hector will to-morrow
Be answer'd in his challenge; Ajax is ready.

410

Diom. This shall I undertake; and 'tis a burden
Which I am proud to bear.

[Exit DIOMED, and CALCHAS.]

H

Enter

Enter ACHILLES, *and* PATROCLUS, *before their Tent.*

Ulyss. Achilles stands i' the entrance of his tent :—
Please it our general to pass strangely by him,
As if he were forgot ;—and, princes all,
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him :—
I will come last : 'Tis like, he'll question me,
Why such unplausive eyes are bent, why turn'd on
him :

420

If so, I have derision med'cinable,
To use between your strangeness and his pride,
Which his own will shall have desire to drink ;
It may do good : pride hath no other glass
'To shew itself, but pride ; for supple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

Aga. We'll execute your purpose, and put on
A form of strangeness as we pass along ;—
So do each lord ; and either greet him not,
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more 430
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What, comes the general to speak with me ?
You know my mind, I'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.

Aga. What says Achilles ? would he aught with
us ?

Nest. Would you, my lord, aught with the ge-
neral ?

Achil. No.

Nest. Nothing, my lord.

Aga.

Aga. The better.

Achil. Good day, good day.

Men. How do you? how do you?

440

Achil. What, does the cuckold scorn me?

Ajax. How now, Patroclus?

Achil. Good morrow, Ajax.

Ajax. Ha!

Achil. Good morrow.

Ajax. Ay; and good next day too. [Exit.]

Achil. What mean these fellows? know they not Achilles?

Patr. They pass by strangely: they were us'd to bend,

To send their smiles before them to Achilles;

To come as humbly, as they us'd to creep

450

To holy altars.

Achil. What, am I poor of late?

'Tis certain, greatness, once fallen out with fortune,

Must fall out with men too: What the declin'd is,

He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,

As feel in his own fall: for men, like butterflies,

Shew not their mealy wings but to the summer;

And not a man, for being simply man,

Hath any honour; but's honour'd for those honours

That are without him, as place, riches, favour, 460

Prizes of accident as oft as merit:

Which when they fall, as being slippery standers,

The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,

Doth one pluck down another, and together

Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me:

Hij

Fortune

Fortune and I are friends ; I do enjoy
 At ample point all that I did possess,
 Save these men's looks ; who do, methinks, find out
 Something in me not worth that rich beholding
 As they have often given. Here is Ulysses ; 470
 I'll interrupt his reading.—How now, Ulysses ?

Ulyss. Now, great Thetis' son ?

Achil. What are you reading ?

Ulyss. A strange fellow here
 Writes me, That man—how dearly ever parted,
 How much in having, or without, or in,—
 Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
 Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection ;
 As when his virtues shining upon others
 Heat them, and they retort that heat again 480
 To the first giver.

Achil. This is not strange, Ulysses.
 The beauty that is borne here in the face,
 The bearer knows not, but commends itself
 To others' eyes : nor doth the eye itself
 (That most pure spirit of sense), behold itself,
 Not going from itself ; but eye to eye oppos'd
 Salutes each other with each other's form.
 For speculation turns not to itself,
 'Till it hath travell'd, and is marry'd there 490
 Where it may see itself : this is not strange at all.

Ulyss. I do no strain at the position,
 It is familiar ; but at the author's drift :
 Who, in his circumstance, expressly proves—
 That no man is the lord of any thing

(Though

(Though in and of him there is much consisting),
 'Till he communicate his parts to others :
 Nor doth he of himself know them for aught
 'Till he behold them form'd in the applause
 Where they are extended ; which, like an arch, re-
 verberates 500

The voice again ; or like a gate of steel
 Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
 His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this ;
 And apprehended here immediately
 The unknown Ajax.

Heavens, what a man is there ! a very horse ;
 That has he knows not what. Nature, what things
 there are,

Most abject in regard, and dear in use !
 What things again most dear in the esteem,
 And poor in worth ! Now shall we see to-morrow
 An act that very chance doth throw upon him, 511
 Ajax renown'd. O heavens, what some men do,
 While some men leave to do !

How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,
 While others play the ideots in her eyes !
 How one man eats into another's pride,
 While pride is feasting in his wantonness !
 To see these Grecian lords !—why, even already
 They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder ;
 As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast, 520
 And great Troy shrinking.

Achil. I do believe it: for they pass'd by me,
 As misers do by beggars ; neither gave to me

Good word, nor look : What, are my deeds forgot ?

Ulyss. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-siz'd monster of ingrattitudes :
Those scraps are good deeds past ; which are de-
vour'd

As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done : Perseverance, dear my lord, 530
Keeps honour bright : To have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way ;
For honour travels in a streight so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast : keep then the path :
For emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue ; If you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an entred tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost ;— 540
Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'er-run and trampled on : Then what they do in
present,

Though less than yours in past, must o'er-top yours :
For Time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand ;
And with his arms out-stretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps-in the comer : Welcome ever smiles,
And Farewel goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was ; for beauty, wit,
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service, 551

Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,—
That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,
Though they are made and moulded of things past;
And shew to dust, that is a little gilt,
More laud than gil o'er-dusted.

The present eye praises the present object :
Then marvel not thou great and complete man, 560
That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax ;
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,
Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,
And still it might, and yet it may again,
If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive,
And case thy reputation in thy tent ;
Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves,
And drave great Mars to faction.

Achil. Of this my privacy 570

I have strong reasons.

Ulyss. But 'gainst your privacy
The reasons are more potent and heroical :
'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love
With one of Priam's daughters.

Achil. Ha ! known ?

Ulyss. Is that a wonder ?

The providence that's in a watchful state,
Knows almost every grain of Pluto's gold ;
Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps ; 580
Keeps place with thought ; and almost, like the gods,
Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.

There.

There is a mystery (with whom relation
 Durst never meddle) in the soul of state;
 Which bath an operation more divine,
 Than breath, or pen, can give expressure to:
 All the commerce that you have had with Troy,
 As perfectly is ours, as yours, my lord;
 And better would it fit Achilles much,
 To throw down Hector, than Polyxena: 590
 But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,
 When fame shall in our islands sound her trump;
 And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing,—
Great Hector's sister did Achilles win;
But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.
 Farewel, my lord: I as your lover speak;
 The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break.

[Exit.

Patr. To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd you:
 A woman impudent and mannish grown
 Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man 600
 In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this;
 They think, my little stomach to the war,
 And your great love to me, restrains you thus:
 Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak wanton Cupid
 Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
 And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
 Be shook to air.

Achil. Shall Ajax fight with Hector?

Patr. Ay; and, perhaps, receive much honour by
 him.

Achil. I see, my reputation is at stake; 610
 My

My fame is shrewdly gor'd.

Patr. O, then beware;

Those wounds heal ill, that men do give themselves :
Omission to do what is necessary
Seals a commission to a blank of danger ;
And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

Achil. Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patroclus :
I'll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him
To invite the Trojan lords after the combat, 620
To see us here unarm'd : I have a woman's longing,
An appetite that I am sick withal,
To see great Hector in his weeds of peace ;
To talk with him, and to behold his visage,
Even to my full of view. A labour sav'd !

Enter THERSITES.

Ther. A wonder !

Achil. What ?

Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field, asking for himself.

Achil. How so ? 630

Ther. He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector ;
and is so prophetically proud of an heroical cudgel-
ling, that he raves in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be ?

Ther. Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock,
a stride, and a stand : ruminates, like an hostess, that
hath no arithmetic but her brain to set down her
reckoning : bites his lip with a politic regard, as who
should

should say—there were wit in this head, an 'twould out ; and so there is ; but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not shew without knocking. The man's undone for ever ; for if Hector break not his neck i'the combat, he'll break it himself in vain-glory. He knows not me : I said, *Good-morrow, Ajax* ; and he replies, *Thanks, Agamemnon*. What think you of this man, that takes me for the general ? He's grown a very land-fish, languageless, a monster. A plague of opinion ! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my ambassador to him, Thersites. 651

Ther. Who, I ? why, he'll answer no body : he professes not answering ; speaking is for beggars ; he wears his tongue in his arms. I will put on his presence ; let Patroclus make demands to me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax.

Achil. To him, Patroclus : Tell him,—I humbly desire the valiant Ajax, to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarm'd to my tent ; and to procure safe conduct for his person, of the magnanimous, and most illustrious, six-or-seven-times-honour'd captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon, &c. Do this. 663

Patr. Jove bless great Ajax !

Ther. Hum !

Patr. I come from the worthy Achilles.

Ther. Ha !

Patr. Who most humbly desires you to invite Hector to his tent.

Ther.

Ther. Hum!

670

Patr. And to procure safe conduct from Agamemnon.

Ther. Agamemnon?

Patr. Ay, my lord.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. What say you to't?

Ther. God be wi'you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other; howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

681

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. Fare you well, with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out o'tune thus. What musick will be in him when Hector has knock'd out his brains, I know not: But, I am sure, none; unless the fidler Apollo get his sinews to make catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

Ther. Let me bear another to his horse; for that's the more capable creature.

691

Achil. My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirr'd; And I myself see not the bottom of it.

[*Excunt* ACHILLES, and PATROCLUS.]

Ther. 'Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep, than such a valiant ignorance.

[*Exit.*]

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Street in Troy. Enter at one Door ÆNEAS, and Servant, with a Torch; at another, PARIS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, and DIOMED, &c. with Torches.

Paris.

SEE, ho! who is that there?

Dei. It is the lord Æneas.

Æne. Is the prince there in person?—

Had I so good occasion to lie long,

As you, prince Paris, nought but heavenly business
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Dio. That's my mind too.—Good morrow, lord
Æneas.

Par. A valiant Greek, Æneas; take his hand:
Witness the process of your speech, wherein
You told—how Diomed, a whole week by days, 10
Did haunt you in the field.

Æne. Health to you, valiant sir,
During all question of the gentle truce:
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance,
As heart can think, or courage execute.

Dio. The one and other Diomed embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm; and, so long, health:
But when contention and occasion meet,
By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, pursuit, and policy.

20
Æne.

Æne. And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly
With his face backward. In humane gentleness,
Welcome to Troy! now, by Anchises' life,
Welcome, indeed! By Venus' hand I swear,
No man alive can love, in such a sort,
The thing he means to kill, more excellently.

Dio. We sympathize:—Jove, let *Æneas* live,
If to my sword his fate be not the glory,
A thousand complete courses of the sun!
But, in mine emulous honour, let him die, 30
With every joint a wound; and that to-morrow!

Æne. We know each other well.

Dio. We do; and long to know each other worse.

Par. This is the most despightful gentle greeting,
The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.—
What business, lord, so early?

Æne. I was sent for to the king; but why, I know
not.

Par. His purpose meets you; 'Twas to bring this
Greek

To Calchas' house; and there to render him
For the enfréed Antenor, the fair Cressid: 40
Let's have your company; or, if you please,
Haste there before us: I constantly do think
(Or, rather, call my thought a certain knowledge),
My brother Troilus lodges there to-night;
Rouse him, and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality wherefore: I fear,
We shall be much unwelcome.

Æne. That I assure you;

I

Troilus

Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,
Than Cressid borne from Troy.

50

Par. There is no help;
The bitter disposition of the time
Will have it so. On, lord; we'll follow you.

Æne. Good morrow, all.

[Exit.]

Par. And tell me, noble Diomed; 'faith, tell me
true,

Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship,—
Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen best,
Myself, or Menelaus?

Dio. Both alike:

He merits well to have her, that doth seek her 60
(Not making any scruple of her soylure)
With such a hell of pain, and world of charge;
And you as well to keep her, that defend her
(Not palating the taste of her dishonour)
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends:
He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece;
You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins
Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors:
Both merits pois'd, each weighs nor less nor more;
But he as he, the heavier for a whore. 71

Par. You are too bitter to your country-woman.

Dio. She's bitter to her country: Hear me, Paris,—
For every false drop in her bawdy veins
A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight,
A Trojan hath been slain: since she could speak,

She

She hath not given so many good words breath,
As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.

Par. Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do, 80
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy :
But we in silence hold this virtue well,——
We'll not commend what we intend to sell.
Here lies our way. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

PANDARUS' House. Enter TROILUS, and CRESSIDA.

Troi. Dear, trouble not yourself; the morn is cold.

Cre. Then, sweet my lord, I'll call my uncle down;
He shall unbolt the gates.

Troi. Trouble him not;
To bed, to bed: Sleep kill those pretty eyes,
And give as soft attachment to thy senses, 90
As infants' empty of all thought!

Cre. Good morrow then.

Troi. I pr'ythee now, to bed.

Cre. Are you aweary of me?

Troi. O Cressida! but that the busy day,
Wak'd by the lark, has rouz'd the ribald crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
I would not from thee.

Cre. Night hath been too brief.

Troi. Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights
she stays, 100

As tediously as hell ; but flies the grasps of love,
With wings more momentary-swift than thought.
You will catch cold, and curse me.

Cre. Pr'ythee, tarry ;—you men will never tarry.
O foolish Cressida !—I might have still held off,
And then you would have tarry'd. Hark ! there's
one up.

Pan. [*Within.*] What's all the doors open here ?

Troi. It is your uncle.

Enter PANDARUS.

Cre. A pestilence on him ! now will he be mocking :
I shall have such a life—— 110

Pan. How now, how now ? how go maiden-
heads ?—Here, you maid ! where's my cousin Cres-
sid ?

Cre. Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking
uncle !

You bring me to do, and then you flout me too.

Pan. To do what ? to do what ?—let her say what :
What have I brought you to do ?

Cre. Come, come ; beshrew your heart ! you'll
ne'er be good,

Nor suffer others. 119

Pan. Ha, ha ! Alas, poor wretch ! a poor capoc-
chia !—hast not slept to-night ? would he not, a
naughty man, let it sleep ? a bugbear take him !

[*One knocks.*]

Cre. Did not I tell you ?—'would he were knock'd
o' the head !—

Who's

Who's that at door? good uncle, go and see.—
My lord, come you again into my chamber:
You smile, and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Troi. Ha, ha!

Cre. Come, you are deceiv'd, I think of no such
thing.—

How earnestly they knock!—pray you, come in;

[*Knock.*

I would not for half Troy have you seen here. 130

[*Exeunt.*

Pan. Who's there? what's the matter? will you
beat down the door? How now? what's the matter?

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

Pan. Who's there? my lord Æneas? By my troth,
I knew you not: What news with you so early?

Æne. Is not prince Troilus here?

Pan. Here! what should he do here?

Æne. Come, he is here, my lord, do not deny him;
It doth import him much, to speak with me. 139

Pan. Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know,
I'll be sworn:—For my own part, I came in late:—
What should he do here?

Æne. Who!—nay, then:—

Come, come, you'll do him wrong ere you are 'ware:
You'll be so true to him, to be false to him:

Do not you know of him, but yet fetch him hither;
Go.

As PANDARUS is going out, enter TROILUS.

Troi. How now? what's the matter?

Æne. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,
My matter is so rash: There is at hand 150
Paris your brother, and Deiphobus,
The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor
Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith,
Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,
We must give up to Diomedes' hand
The lady Cressida.

Troi. Is it concluded so?

Æne. By Priam, and the general state of Troy:
They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Troi. How my achievements mock me!— 160
I will go meet them: and, my lord Æneas,
We met by chance; you did not find me here.

Æne. Good, good, my lord; the secrets of neighbour Pandar
Have not more gift in taciturnity.

[*Exeunt TROILUS, and ÆNEAS.*]

Pan. Is't possible? no sooner got, but lost? The
devil take Antenor! the young prince will go mad.
A plague upon Antenor! I would they had broke's
neck!

Enter CRESSIDA.

Cre. How now? What is the matter? Who was
here? 170

Pan. Ah, ah!

Cre.

Cre. Why sigh you so profoundly? where's my
lord? gone?

Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter?

Pan. 'Would I were as deep under the earth, as I
am above!

Cre. O the gods!—what's the matter?

Pan. Pr'ythee, get thee in; Would thou had'st ne'er
been born! I knew, thou wouldst be his death:—
O poor gentleman!—A plague upon Antenor!

Cre. Good uncle, I beseech you on my knees, 180
I beseech you, what's the matter?

Pan. Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be
gone; thou art chang'd for Antenor: thou must to
thy father, and be gone from Troilus; 'twill be his
death; 'twill be his bane; he cannot bear it.

Cre. O you immortal gods!—I will not go.

Pan. Thou must.

Cre. I will not, uncle: I have forgot my father;
I know no touch of consanguinity;
No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me, 190
As the sweet Troilus.—O you gods divine!
Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood,
If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death,
Do to this body what extremes you can;
But the strong base and building of my love
Is as the very centre of the earth,
Drawing all things to it.—I'll go in, and weep,—

Pan. Do, do.

Cre. Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praised
cheeks;

199

Crack

Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my
heart

With sounding Troilus. I will not go from Troy.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

*Before PANDARUS' House. Enter PARIS, TROILUS,
ÆNEAS, DIOMEDES, &c.*

Par. It is great morning; and the hour prefix'd
Of her delivery to this valiant Greek
Comes fast upon:—Good my brother Troilus,
Tell you the lady what she is to do,
And haste her to the purpose.

Troi. Walk in to her house;
I'll bring her to the Grecian presently:
And to his hand when I deliver her,
Think it an altar; and thy brother Troilus 210
A priest, there offering to it his own heart.

[*Exit TROILUS.*]

Par. I know what 'tis to love;
And 'would, as I shall pity, I could help!—
Please you, walk in my lords. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE IV.

An Apartment in PANDARUS' House. Enter PANDARUS, and CRESSIDA.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cre. Why tell you me of moderation?
The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,
And violenteth in a sense as strong
As that which causeth it: How can I moderate it?
If I could temporize with my affection, 220
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief:
My love admits no qualifying dross;
No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

Enter TROILUS.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes.—Ah sweet ducks!

Cre. O Troilus! Troilus!

Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here! Let me embrace too: *O heart*,—as the goodly saying is,—

—— *o heart, o heavy heart,*

Why sigh'st thou without breaking? 230

where he answers again,

Because thou canst not ease thy smart,

By friendship, nor by speaking.

There never was a truer rhyme. Let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse; we see it, we see it.—How now, lambs?

Troi.

Troi. Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd a purity,
That the blest gods—as angry with my fancy,
More bright in zeal than the devotion which 239
Cold lips blow to their deities—take thee from me.

Cre. Have the gods envy?

Pan. Ay, ay, ay, ay; 'tis too plain a case.

Cre. And is it true, that I must go from Troy?

Troi. A hateful truth.

Cre. What, and from Troilus too?

Troi. From Troy, and Troilus.

Cre. Is it possible?

Troi. And suddenly; where injury of chance
Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by
All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips 250
Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents
Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear vows,
Even in the birth of our own labouring breath:
We two, that with so many thousand sighs
Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves
With the rude brevity and discharge of one.
Injurious time now, with a robber's haste,
Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how:
As many farewells as be stars in heaven,
With distinct breath, and consign'd kisses to them,
He fumbles up into a loose adieu; 261
And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,
Distasted with the salt of broken tears.

Æne. [Within.] My lord! is the lady ready?

Troi. Hark! you are call'd: Some say, the Genius

50

61

us

es,

Act IV.

TROILUS & CRESSIDA.

Scene IV.



Burney del.

Thornthwaite sculp.

M^{rs} CUYLER in CRESSIDA.

And you this Glove, —

London Printed for J. Bell, British Library Strand, October 18th 1785.

Cries, *Come!* to him that instantly must die.—

Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

Pan. Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind,
Or my heart will be blown up by the root.

[*Exit* PANDARUS.]

Cre. I must then to the Grecians? 273

Troi. No remedy.

Cre. A woeful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks!—
When shall we see again?

Troi. Hear me, my love: Be thou but true of
heart—

Cre. I true! how now? what wicked deem is this?

Troi. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,

For it is parting from us:—

I speak not, *be thou true*, as fearing thee;

For I will throw my glove to death himself,

That there's no maculation in thy heart: 280

But, *be thou true*, say I, to fashion in

My sequent protestation; be thou true,

And I will see thee.

Cre. O, you shall be expos'd, my lord, to dangers
As infinite as imminent! but, I'll be true.

Troi. And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear this
sleeve.

Cre. And you this glove. When shall I see you?

Troi. I will corrupt the Grecian centinels,

To give thee nightly visitation.

But yet, be true. 290

Cre. O heavens!—be true, again.

Troi.

Troi. Hear why I speak it, love: The Grecian youths

Are well compos'd, with gifts of nature flowing,
And swelling o'er with arts and exercise;
How novelties may move, and parts with person,
Alas, a kind of godly jealousy
(Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin)
Makes me afeard.

Cre. O heavens! you love me not.

Troi. Die I a villain then!

300

In this I do not call your faith in question,
So mainly as my merit: I cannot sing,
Nor heel the high lavolt, nor sweeten talk,
Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,
To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant:

But I can tell, that in each grace of these
There lurks a still and dumb-discoursive devil,
That tempts most cunningly: but be not tempted.

Cre. Do you think, I will?

Troi. No.

310

But something may be done, that we will not:
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency.

Æne. [*Within.*] Nay, good my lord,—

Troi. Come, kiss; and let us part.

Paris. [*Within.*] Brother Troilus!

Troi. Good brother, come you hither;
And bring Æneas, and the Grecian, with you.

Cre.

Cre. My lord, will you be true?

320

Troi. Who, I? alas, it is my vice, my fault:
While others fish with craft for great opinion,
I with great truth catch mere simplicity;
Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.
Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit
Is—plain, and true,—there's all the reach of it.

Enter ÆNEAS, PARIS, and DIOMED.

Welcome, sir Diomed! here is the lady,
Whom for Antenor we deliver you:
At the port, lord, I'll give her to thy hand; 330
And, by the way, possess thee what she is.
Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair Greek,
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,
Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe
As Priam is in Ilion.

Dio. Fair lady Cressid,
So please you, save the thanks this prince expects:
The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,
Pleads your fair usage; and to Diomed 339
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

Troi. Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,
To shame the zeal of my petition to thee,
In praising her: I tell thee, lord of Greece,
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises,
As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.
I charge thee, use her well, even for my charge;

K

For,

For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,
Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,
I'll cut thy throat.

Dio. O, be not mov'd, prince Troilus : 350
Let me be privileg'd by my place, and message,
To be a speaker free ; when I am hence,
I'll answer to my lust : And know you, lord,
I'll nothing do on charge : to her own worth
She shall be priz'd ; but that you say—be't so,
I speak it in my spirit and honour,—no.

Troi. Come, to the port.—I'll tell thee, Diomed,
This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.—
Lady, give me your hand ; and, as we walk,
To our own selves bend we our needful talk. 360

Exeunt TROILUS and CRESSID. Sound Trumpet.

Par. Hark ! Hector's trumpet.

Æne. How have we spent this morning !
The prince must think me tardy and remiss,
That swore to ride before him to the field.

Par. 'Tis Troilus' fault : Come, come, to field
with him.

Dio. Let us make ready straight.

Æne. Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity,
Let us address to tend on Hector's heels :
The glory of our Troy doth this day lie 369
On his fair worth, and single chivalry. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

The Grecian Camp. Enter AJAX arm'd, AGAMEMNON, ACHILLES, PATROCLUS, MENELAUS, ULYSSES, NESTOR, &c.

Aga. Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair,
Anticipating time with starting courage.
Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,
Thou dreadful Ajax ; that the appalled air
May pierce the head of the great combatant,
And hale him hither.

Ajax. Thou, trumpet, there's my purse.
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe :
Blow, villain, 'till thy sphered bias cheek
Out-swell the cholic of puff'd Aquilon : 380
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood ;
Thou blow'st for Hector.

Ulyss. No trumpet answers.

Achil. 'Tis but early days.

Aga. Is not yon Diomed, with Calchas' daughter ?

Ulyss. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait ;
He rises on his toe ; that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter DIOMED, with CRESSIDA.

Aga. Is this the lady Cressida ?

Dio. Even she. 390

Aga. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet
lady.

K ij

Nest.

Nest. Our general doth salute you with a kiss.

Ulyss. Yet is the kindness but particular ;
'Twere better she were kiss'd in general.

Nest. And very courtly counsel : I'll begin.—
So much for Nestor.

Achil. I'll take that winter from your lips, fair
lady :

Achilles bids you welcome.

Men. I had good argument for kissing once.

Patr. But that's no argument for kissing now : 400
For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment ;
And parted thus you and your argument.

Ulyss. O deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns !
For which we lose our heads, to gild his horns.

Patr. The first was Menelaus' kiss ;—this, mine :
Patroclus kisses you.

Men. O, this is trim !

Patr. Paris, and I, kiss evermore for him.

Men. I'll have my kiss, sir :—Lady, by your
leave.

Cre. In kissing, do you render, or receive ? 410

Patr. Both take and give.

Cre. I'll make my match to live,
The kiss you take is better than you give :
Therefore no kiss.

Men. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for one.

Cre. You're an odd man ; give even, or give none.

Men. An odd man, lady ? every man is odd.

Cre. No, Paris is not ; for, you know, 'tis true,
That you are odd, and he is even with you.

Men

Men. You fillip me o' the head.

420

Cre. No, I'll be sworn.

Ulyss. It were no match, your nail against his
horn.—

May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?

Cre. You may.

Ulyss. I do desire it.

Cre. Why, beg then.

Ulyss. Why then, for Venus' sake, give me a kiss,
When Helen is a maid again, and his.

Cre. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.

Ulyss. Never's my day, and then a kiss of you. 430

Dio. Lady, a word;—I'll bring you to your father.

[DIOMED leads out CRESSIDA.]

Nest. A woman of quick sense.

Ulyss. Fie, fie upon her!

There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive of her body.

O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,

That give a coasting welcome ere it comes,

And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts

To every ticklish reader! set them down

440

For sluttish spoils of opportunity,

And daughters of the game.

[Trumpet within.]

All. The Trojan's trumpet!

Aga. Yonder comes the troop.

Enter HECTOR, ÆNEAS, TROILUS, &c. *with Attendants.*

Æne. Hail, all the state of Greece ! What shall be done to him

That victory commands ? Or do you purpose,
A victor shall be known ? will you, the knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity
Pursue each other ; or shall they be divided
By any voice or order of the field ?

450

Hector bade ask.

Aga. Which way would Hector have it ?

Æne. He cares not, he'll obey conditions.

Aga. 'Tis done like Hector ; but securely done,
A little proudly, and great deal misprising
The knight oppos'd.

Æne. If not Achilles, sir,
What is your name ?

Achil. If not Achilles, nothing.

Æne. Therefore Achilles : But, whate'er, know
this ;—

460

In the extremity of great and little,
Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector ;
The one almost as infinite as all,
The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,
And that, which looks like pride, is courtesy.
This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood ;
In love whereof, half Hector stays at home :
Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek
This blended knight, half Trojan, and half Greek.

Achil.

Achil. A maiden battle then?—O, I perceive you.

Re-enter DIOMED.

Aga. Here is sir Diomed :—Go, gentle knight,
Stand by our Ajax: as you and lord Æneas 472
Consent upon the order of their fight,
So be it; either to the uttermost,
Or else a breath: the combatants being kin,
Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.

Ulyss. They are oppos'd already.

Aga. What Trojan is that same that looks so
heavy?

Ulyss. The youngest son of Priam, a true knight;
Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word; 480
Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue;
Not soon provok'd, nor, being provok'd, soon calm'd:
His heart and hand both open, and both free;
For what he has, he gives, what thinks, he shews;
Yet gives he not, 'till judgment guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath:
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;
For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes
To tender objects; but he, in heat of action,
Is more vindicative than jealous love: 490
They call him Troilus; and on him erect
A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.
Thus says Æneas; one that knows the youth
Even to his inches, and, with private soul,
Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me.

[*Alarum.* HECTOR and AJAX fight.

Aga.

Aga. They are in action.

Nest. Now, Ajax, hold thine own!

Troi. Hector, thou sleep'st, awake thee!

Aga. His blows are well dispos'd :—there, Ajax!

[*Trumpets cease.*]

Dio. You must no more.

500

Aene. Princes, enough, so please you.

Ajax. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.

Dio. As Hector pleases.

Hect. Why then, will I no more :—

Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,
A cousin-german to great Priam's seed;
The obligation of our blood forbids
A gory emulation 'twixt us twain :
Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so,
That thou could'st say—*This hand is Grecian all,* 510
And this is Trojan; the sinews of this leg
All Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's blood
Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister
Bounds—in my father's; by Jove multipotent,
Thou shouldst not bear from me a Greekish member
Wherein my sword had not impressure made
Of our rank feud : But the just gods gainsay,
That any drop thou borrow'st from thy mother,
My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword
Be drain'd ! Let me embrace thee, Ajax : 520
By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms;
Hector would have them fall upon him thus :—
Cousin, all honour to thee !

Ajax. I thank thee, Hector :

Thou art too gentle, and too free a man :
I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence
A great addition earned in thy death.

Hect. Not Neoptolemus so mirable
(On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st O yes
Cries, *This is he*) could promise to himself 530
A thought of added honour torn from Hector.

Aene. There is expectance here from both the sides,
What further you will do.

Hect. We'll answer it ;
The issue is embracement :—Ajax, farewell.

Ajax. If I might in entreaties find success
(As seld I have the chance), I would desire
My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.

Dio. 'Tis Agamemnon's wish ; and great Achilles
Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector. 540

Hect. Aeneas, call my brother Troilus to me :
And signify this loving interview
To the expecters of our Trojan part ;
Desire them home.—Give me thy hand, my cousin ;
I will go eat with thee, and see your knights.

Ajax. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.

Hect. The worthiest of them tell me name by
name ;

But for Achilles, my own searching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly size.

Aga. Worthy of arms ! as welcome as to one 550
That would be rid of such an enemy ;
But that's no welcome : Understand more clear,

What's

What's past, and what's to come, is strew'd with
husks

And formless ruin of oblivion;
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
Bids thee, with most divine integrity,
From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.

Hect. I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon.

Aga. My well-fam'd lord of Troy, no less to you.
[To TROILUS.]

Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's greet-
ing;— 561

You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.

Hect. Whom must we answer?

Men. The noble Menelaus.

Hect. O, you, my lord? by Mars his gauntlet,
thanks!

Mock not, that I affect the untraded oath;
Your *quondam* wife swears still by Venus' glove:
She's well, but bade me not commend her to you.

Men. Name her not now, sir; she's a deadly theme.

Hect. O, pardon; I offend. 570

Nest. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,
Labouring for destiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of Greekish youth: and I have seen
thee,

As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,
Despising many forfeits and subduments,
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i'the air,
Not letting it decline on the declin'd;

That

That I have said to some my standers-by,

Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!

579

And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath,

When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,

Like an Olympian wrestling: This have I seen;

But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,

I never saw 'till now: I knew thy grandsire,

And once fought with him: he was a soldier good;

But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,

Never like thee: Let an old man embrace thee;

And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

Æne. 'Tis the old Nestor.

589

Hecl. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,

That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time:—

Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.

Nest. I would, my arms could match thee in contention,

As they contend with thee in courtesy.

Hecl. I would they could.

Nest. Ha! by this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-morrow.

Well, welcome, welcome! I have seen the time——

Ulyss. I wonder now how yonder city stands,

When we have here her base and pillar by us.

Hecl. I know your favour, lord Ulysses, well. 600

Ah, sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,

Since first I saw yourself and Diomed

In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy.

Ulyss. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue:

My prophecy is but half his journey yet;

For

For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,
Yon towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,
Must kiss their own feet.

Hecl. I must not believe you :

There they stand yet ; and modestly I think, 610
The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost
A drop of Grecian blood : The end crowns all ;
And that old common arbitrator, Time,
Will one day end it.

Ulyss. So to him we leave it.

Most gentle, and most valiant Hector, welcome :
After the general, I beseech you next
To feast with me, and see me at my tent.

Achil. I shall forestall thee, lord Ulysses, thou !—
Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee ; 620
I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector,
And quoted joint by joint.

Hecl. Is this Achilles ?

Achil. I am Achilles.

Hecl. Stand fair, I pray thee : let me look on thee.

Achil. Behold thy fill.

Hecl. Nay, I have done already.

Achil. Thou art too brief ; I will the second time,
As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb. 629

Hecl. O, like a book of sport thou'lt read me o'er ;
But there's more in me, than thou understand'st.
Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye ?

Achil. Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his
body

Shall I destroy him ? whether there, there, or there ?
That

That I may give the local wound a name ;
And make distinct the very breach, whereout
Hector's great spirit flew : Answer me, heavens !

Hec. It would discredit the blest gods, proud man !
To answer such a question : Stand again :
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly, 640
As to prenominate in nice conjecture,
Where thou wilt hit me dead ?

Achil. I tell thee, yea.

Hec. Wert thou an oracle to tell me so,
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well ;
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there ;
But, by the forge that stithy'd Mars his helm,
I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.—
You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag,
His insolence draws folly from my lips ; 650
But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,
Or may I never—

Ajax. Do not chafe thee, cousin ;—
And you, Achilles, let these threats alone,
'Till accident, or purpose, bring you to't :
You may have every day enough of Hector,
If you have stomach ; the general state, I fear,
Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.

Hec. I pray you, let us see you in the field ;
We have had pelting wars, since you refus'd 660
The Grecians' cause.

Achil. Dost thou entreat me, Hector ?
To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death ;
To-night, all friends.

Hec. Thy hand upon that match.

Aga. First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent;
There in the full convive we : afterwards,
As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall
Concur together, severally entreat him.—
Beat loud the tabourines, let the trumpets blow, 670
That this great soldier may his welcome know.

[*Exeunt.*]

Manent TROILUS, and ULYSSES.

Troi. My lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,
In what place of the field doth Calchas keep ?

Ulyss. At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus :
There Diomed doth feast with him to-night ;
Who neither looks on heaven, nor on the earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the fair Cressid.

Troi. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so much,
After we part from Agamemnon's tent, 680
To bring me thither ?

Ulyss. You shall command me, sir.
As gentle tell me, of what honour was
This Cressida in Troy ? Had she no lover there,
That wails her absence ?

Troi. O, sir, to such as boasting shew their scars,
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord ?
She was lov'd, she lov'd ; she is, and doth :
But, still, sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

ACHILLES' Tent. Enter ACHILLES, and PATROCLUS.

Achilles.

I'LL heat his blood with Greekish wine to-night,
Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow.—

Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

Patr. Here comes Thersites.

Enter THERSITES.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy?

Thou crusty batch of nature, what's the news?

Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou seemest, and
idol of idiot worshippers, here's a letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, fragment?

Ther. Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

Patr. Who keeps the tent now? 11

Ther. The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.

Patr. Well said, adversity! and what need these
tricks?

Ther. Pr'ythee be silent, boy; I profit not by thy
talk: thou art thought to be Achilles' male varlet.

Patr. Male varlet, you rogue! what's that?

Ther. Why, his masculine whore. Now the rotten
diseases of the south, the guts-griping, ruptures,
catarrhs, loads o'gravel i' the back, lethargies, cold

Lij

palsies,

palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciaticas, lime-kilns i' the palm, incurable bone-ach, and the rivell'd fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous discoveries!

25

Patr. Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meanest thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee?

Patr. Why, no, you ruinous butt; you whore-son indistinguishable cur, no.

30

Ther. No? why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of sleeve silk, thou green sarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is pester'd with such water-flies; diminutives of nature!

Patr. Out, gall!

Ther. Finch egg!

Achil. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.

Here is a letter from queen Hecuba;

40

A token from her daughter, my fair love;

Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep

An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it:

Fall, Greeks; fail, fame; honour, or go, or stay;

My major vow lies here, this I'll obey.—

Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent;

This night in banquetting must all be spent.—

Away, Patroclus.

[*Exeunt.*]

Ther. With too much blood, and too little brain,
these

these two may run mad; but if with too much brain, and too little blood, they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's Agamemnon,—an honest fellow enough, and one that loves quails; but he hath not so much brain as ear-wax: And the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull,—the primitive statue, and oblique memorial of cuckolds; a thrifty shooting-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg,—to what form, but that he is, should wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit, turn him? To an ass, were nothing; he is both ass and ox: to an ox were nothing; he is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care: but to be a Menelaus,—I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not Thersites; for I care not to be the louse of a lazar, so I were not Menelaus.——Hey-day! spirits, and fires!

68

Enter HECTOR, TROILUS, AJAX, AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, and DIOMED, *with Lights*.

Aga. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Ajax. No, yonder 'tis;

There, where we see the light.

Hect. I trouble you.

Ajax. No, not a whit.

Ulyss. Here comes himself to guide you.

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Welcome, brave Hector; welcome, princes all.

Aga. So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid good night. Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

Hect. Thanks, and good night, to the Greeks' general. 80

Men. Good night, my lord.

Hect. Good night, sweet lord Menelaus.

Ther. Sweet draught: Sweet, quoth a! sweet sink, sweet sewer.

Achil. Good night, and welcome, both at once, to those

That go, or tarry.

Aga. Good night. [*Exeunt AGAM. and MENEL.*

Achil. Old Nestor tarries; and you too, Diomed, Keep Hector company an hour or two.

Dio. I cannot, lord; I have important business, 90
The tide whereof is now.—Good night, great Hector.

Hect. Give me your hand.

Ulyss. Follow his torch, he goes to Calchas' tent;
I'll keep you company. [*To TROILUS.*

Troi. Sweet sir, you honour me.

Hect. And so, good night.

Achil. Come, come, enter my tent. 97

[*Exeunt severally.*

Ther. That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave; I will no more trust him when he leers, than I will a serpent when he hisses: he will

will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabler the hound; but when he performs, astronomers foretel it; it is prodigious, there will come some change; the sun borrows of the moon, when Diomed keeps his word. I will rather leave to see Hector, than not to dog him: they say, he keeps a Trojan drab, and uses the traitor Calchas his tent: I'll after.—Nothing but lechery! all incontinent varlets! [Exit.

SCENE II.

CALCHAS' Tent. Enter DIOMED.

Dio. What, are you up here, ho? speak.

Cal. Who calls?

110

Dio. Diomed.—

Calchas, I think. Where is your daughter?

Cal. She comes to you.

Enter TROILUS, and ULYSSES, at a Distance; after
them THERSITES.

Ulyss. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter CRESSIDA.

Troi. Cressid come forth to him!

Dio. How now, my charge?

Cre. Now, my sweet guardian!—Hark,
A word with you.

[Whispers.

Troi. Yea, so familiar!

Ulyss.

Ulyss. She will sing any man at first sight, 120

Ther. And any man

May sing her, if he can take her cliff; she's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?

Cre. Remember? yes.

Dio. Nay, but do then;

And let your mind be coupled with your words.

Troi. What should she remember?

Ulyss. List!

Cre. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

Ther. Roguery! 130

Dio. Nay, then,—

Cre. I'll tell you what.

Dio. Pho! pho! come, tell a pin: You are forsworn.—

Cre. In faith, I cannot: What would you have me do?

Ther. A juggling trick, to be—secretly open.

Dio. What did you swear you would bestow on me?

Cre. I pr'ythee, do not hold me to mine oath;

Bid me do any thing but that, sweet Greek. 140

Dio. Good night.

Troi. Hold, patience!

Ulyss. How now, Trojan?

Cre. Diomed,—

Dio. No, no, good night: I'll be your fool no more.

Troi. Thy better must.

Cre. Hark, one word in your ear.

Troi. O plague and madness!

Ulyss.

Ulyss. You are mov'd, prince; let us depart, I
pray you, 150

Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself
To wrathful terms: this place is dangerous;
The time right deadly; I beseech you, go.

Troi. Behold, I pray you!

Ulyss. Now, good my lord, go off:
You flow to great distraction: come, my lord.

Troi. I pr'ythee, stay.

Ulyss. You have not patience; come.

Troi. I pray you, stay; by hell, and by hell's tor-
ments,

I will not speak a word. 160

Dio. And so, good night.

Cre. Nay, but you part in anger.

Troi. Doth that grieve thee?

O wither'd truth!

Ulyss. Why, how now, lord?

Troi. By Jove, I will be patient.

Cre. Guardian!—why, Greek!

Dio. Pho, pho! adieu; you palter.

Cre. In faith, I do not; come hither once again.

Ulyss. You shake, my lord, at something; will
you go? 170

You will break out.

Troi. She strokes his cheek!

Ulyss. Come, come.

Troi. Nay, stay; by Jove, I will not speak a word:
There is between my will and all offences
A guard of patience:—stay a little while.

Ther.

Ther. How the devil luxury, with his fat rump, and potatoe finger, tickles these together! Fry, lechery, fry!

Dio. But will you then? 180

Cre. In faith, I will, la; never trust me else.

Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it.

Cre. I'll fetch you one.

Ulyss. You have sworn patience.

Troi. Fear me not, my lord;

I will not be myself, nor have cognition
Of what I feel; I am all patience.

Re-enter CRESSIDA.

Ther. Now the pledge; now, now, now!

Cre. Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.

Troi. O beauty! 190

Where is thy faith?

Ulyss. My Lord,—

Troi. I will be patient; outwardly I will.

Cre. You look upon that sleeve; Behold it
well.—

He lov'd me—O false wench!—Give't me again.

Dio. Whose was't?

Cre. It is no matter, now I have't again.

I will not meet with you to-morrow night:

I pr'ythee, Diomed, visit me no more.

Ther. Now she sharpens;—Well said, whetstone,

Dio. I shall have it. 201

Cre. What, this?

Dio. Ay, that.

Cre.

Cre. O, all you gods!—O pretty pretty pledge!
Thy master now lies thinking in his bed
Of thee, and me; and sighs, and takes my glove,
And gives memorial dainty kisses to it,
As I kiss thee.—Nay, do not snatch it from me;
He, that takes that, must take my heart withal.

Dio. I had your heart before, this follows it. 210

Troi. I did swear patience.

Cre. You shall not have it, Diomed; 'faith you
shall not;

I'll give you something else.

Dio. I will have this; Whose was it?

Cre. It is no matter.

Dio. Come, tell me whose it was?

Cre. 'Twas one's that lov'd me better than you
will.

But, now you have it, take it.

Dio. Whose was it?

Cre. By all Diana's waiting-women yonder, 220
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.

Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm;
And grieve his spirit, that dares not challenge it.

Troi. Wer't thou the devil, and wor'st it on thy
horn,

It should be challeng'd.

Cre. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past;—And yet it
is not;

I will not keep my word.

Dio. Why then, farewell;

Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.

Cre.

Cre. You shall not go:—One cannot speak a word,
But it straight starts you. 231

Dio. I do not like this fooling.

Ther. Nor I, by Pluto: but that that likes not you,
Pleases me best.

Dio. What, shall I come? the hour?

Cre. Ay, come:—O Jove!—
Do, come:—I shall be plagu'd.

Dio. Farewel 'till then.

[Exit.

Cre. Good night. I pr'ythee, come.
Troilus, farewell! one eye yet looks on thee; 240
But with my heart the other eye doth see.—
Ah! poor our sex! this fault in us I find,
The error of our eye directs our mind:
What error leads, must err; O then conclude,
Minds, sway'd by eyes, are full of turpitude. [Exit.

Ther. A proof of strength she could not publish
more,

Unless she say, My mind is now turn'd whore.

Ulyss. All's done, my lord.

Troi. It is.

Ulyss. Why stay we then? 250

Troi. To make a recordation to my soul
Of every syllable that here was spoke.
But, if I tell how these two did co-act,
Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
An esperance so obstinately strong,
That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears;
As if those organs had deceptive functions,

Created

Created only to calumniate.

Was Cressid here ?

260

Ulyss. I cannot conjure, Trojan.

Troi. She was not, sure.

Ulyss. Most sure, she was.

Troi. Why my negation hath no taste of madness.

Ulyss. Nor mine, my lord : Cressid was here but now.

Troi. Let it not be believ'd for womanhood !

Think, we had mothers ; do not give advantage

To stubborn critics—apt, without a theme,

For depravation—to square the general sex

By Cressid's rule : rather think this not Cressid. 270

Ulyss. What hath she done, prince, that can soil
our mothers ?

Troi. Nothing at all, unless that this were she.

Ther. Will he swagger himself out on's own eyes ?

Troi. This she ? no, this is Diomed's Cressida :

If beauty have a soul, this is not she ;

If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimony,

If sanctimony be the gods' delight,

If there be rule in unity itself,

This is not she. O madness of discourse,

That cause sets up with and against itself !

280

Bi-fold authority ! where reason can revolt

Without perdition, and loss assume all reason

Without revolt ; this is, and is not, Cressid !

Within my soul there doth commence a fight

Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate

Divides far wider than the sky and earth ;

And yet the spacious breadth of this division

Admits no orifice for a point, as subtle

M

As

As Arachne's broken woof, to enter.

Instance, O instance! strong as Pluto's gates; 290

Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven:

Instance, O instance! strong as heaven itself;

The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd, and loos'd;

And with another knot, five-finger-tied,

The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,

The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy reliques

Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.

Ulyss. May worthy Troilus be half attach'd
With that which here his passion doth express?

Troi. Ay, Greek; and that shall be divulged well
In characters as red as Mars his heart 301

Inflam'd with Venus: never did young man fancy
With so eternal, and so fix'd a soul.

Hark, Greek;—As much as I do Cressid love,

So much by weight hate I her Diomed:

That sleeve is mine, that he'll bear on his helm;

Were it a casque compos'd by Vulcan's skill,

My sword should bite it: not the dreadful spout,

Which shipmen do the hurricano call,

Constring'd in mass by the almighty sun, 310

Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear

In his descent, than shall my prompted sword

Falling on Diomed.

Ther. He'll tickle it for his concupy.

Troi. O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false, false!

Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,

And they'll seem glorious.

Ulyss. O, contain yourself;
Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. I have been seeking you this hour, my lord :
Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy ; 321
Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

Troi. Have with you, prince :—My courteous lord,
adieu :—

Farewel, revolted fair !—and, Diomed,
Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head !

Ulyss. I'll bring you to the gates.

Troi. Accept distracted thanks.

[*Excunt TROILUS, ÆNEAS, and ULYSSES.*

Ther. 'Would, I could meet that rogue Diomed ! I
would croak like a raven ; I would bode, I would
bode. Patroclus will give me any thing for the in-
telligence of this whore : the parrot will not do more
for an almond, than he for a commodious drab.
Lechery, lechery ; still, wars and lechery ; nothing
else holds fashion : A burning devil take them ! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

*The Palace of Troy. Enter HECTOR, and ANDRO-
MACHE.*

And. When was my lord so much ungently temper'd,
To stop his ears against admonishment ?

Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

Hect. You train me to offend you ; get you in :

By all the everlasting gods, I'll go.

And. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to-day.

Hect. No more, I say.

Mij

Enter

Enter CASSANDRA.

Cas. Where is my brother Hector? 341

And. Here, sister; arm'd, and bloody in intent:
Consort with me in loud and dear petition,
Pursue we him on knees; for I have dreamt
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.

Cas. O, it is true.

Hec. Ho! bid my trumpet sound!

Cas. No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet
brother. 350

Hec. Begone, I say: the gods have heard me swear.

Cas. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows;
They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

And. O! be persuaded: Do not count it holy
To hurt by being just: it is as lawful,
For us to count we give what's gain'd by thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.

Cas. It is the purpose, that makes strong the vow;
But vows, to every purpose, must not hold: 360
Unarm, sweet Hector.

Hec. Hold you still, I say;
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate:
Life every man holds dear; but the dear man
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.—

Enter TROILUS.

How now, young man? mean'st thou to fight to-day?

And. Cassandra, call my father to persuade.

[*Exit CASSANDRA.*
Hec.

Hec. No, 'faith young Troilus; doff thy harness,
youth;

I am to-day i' the vein of chivalry:

Let grow thy sinews 'till their knots be strong, 370

And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.

Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy,

I'll stand, to-day, for thee, and me, and Troy.

Troi. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,
Which better fits a lion, than a man.

Hec. What vice is that, good Troilus? chide me
for it.

Troi. When many times the captive Grecians fall,
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise, and live.

Hec. O, 'tis fair play. 380

Troi. Fool's play by heaven, Hector.

Hec. How now? how now?

Troi. For the love of all the gods,
Let's leave the hermit pity with our mother;
And when we have our armours buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords;
Spur them to ruthless work, rein them from ruth.

Hec. Fie, savage, fie!

Troi. Hector, then 'tis wars.

Hec. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.

Troi. Who should withhold me? 391

Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire;
Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,
Their eyes o'er-galled with recourse of tears;

Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn,
Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way,
But by my ruin.

Re-enter CASSANDRA, with PRIAM.

Cas. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast :
He is thy crutch ; now if thou lose thy stay, 400
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Fall all together.

Priam. Come, Hector, come, go back :
Thy wife hath dreamt ; thy mother hath had visions ;
Cassandra doth foresee ; and I myself
Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt,
To tell thee—that this day is ominous :
Therefore, come back.

Hect. Æneas is a-field ;
And I do stand engag'd to many Greeks, 410
Even in the face of valour, to appear
This morning to them.

Priam. But thou shalt not go.

Hect. I must not break my faith.
You know me dutiful ; therefore, dear sir,
Let me not shame respect ; but give me leave
To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.

Cas. O Priam, yield not to him.

And. Do not, dear father. 420

Hect. Andromache, I am offended with you.
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

[Exit ANDROMACHE.

Troil.

Troi. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl
Makes all these bodements.

Cas. O farewell, dear Hector!
Look, how thou dy'st! look, how thy eye turns
pale!

Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!
Hark, how Troy roars! how Hecuba cries out!
How poor Andromache shrills her dolours forth!
Behold, distraction, frenzy, and amazement, 430
Like witless anticks, one another meet,
And all cry—Hector! Hector's dead! O Hector!

Troi. Away!—Away!—

Cas. Farewel. Yet soft:—Hector, I take my
leave:

Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive. [*Exit.*

Hect. You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclaim:
Go in, and cheer the town: we'll forth, and fight;
Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.

Priam. Farewel: The gods with safety stand about
thee! [*Exit PRIAM. Alarums.*

Troi. They are at it; hark! Proud Diomed, be-
lieve, 441

I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.

Enter PANDARUS.

Pan. Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?

Troi. What now?

Pan. Here's a letter come from yon' poor girl.

Troi. Let me read.

Pan.

Pan. A whoreson phthisick, a whoreson rascally phthisick so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl; and what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one o' these days: And I have a rheum in mine eyes too; and such an ach in my bones, that, unless a man were curst, I cannot tell what to think on't.—What says she there? 453

Troi. Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart; [Tearing the Letter.
The effect doth operate another way.—
Go, wind, to wind, there turn and change together.—

My love with words and errors still she feeds;
But edifies another with her deeds.

Pan. Why, but hear you——

Troi. Hence, broker lacquey!—ignomy and shame
Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name! 461
[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Between Troy and the Camp. [Alarum.] Enter
THERSITES.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another; I'll go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that same scurvy doting foolish young knave's sleeve of Troy, there, in his helm: I would fain see them meet; that that same young Trojan

Trojan ass, that loves the whore there, might send that Greekish whore-masterly villain, with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab, of a sleeveless errand. O' the other side, The policy of those crafty swearing rascals,—that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor ; and that same dog-fox, Ulysses,—is not prov'd worth a black-berry :—They set me up, in policy, that mungrel cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles : and now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm to-day ; whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism, and policy grows into an ill opinion. Soft ! here comes sleeve, and t'other.

Enter DIOMED, *and* TROILUS.

Troi. Fly not ; for, shouldst thou take the river Styx, I would swim after. 481

Dio. Thou dost mis-call retire :

I do not fly ; but advantageous care

Withdrew me from the odds of multitude :

Have at thee !

[They go off fighting.]

Ther. Hold thy whore, Grecian !—now for thy whore, Trojan !—now the sleeve, now the sleeve !

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. What art thou, Greek ? art thou for Hector's match ?

Art thou of blood, and honour ?

Ther. No, no :—I am a rascal ; a scurvy railing knave ; a very filthy rogue. 491

Hect.

Hect. I do believe thee;—live.

[*Exit.*

Ther. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me! But a plague break thy neck, for frightening me! What's become of the wenching rogues? I think, they have swallow'd one another: I would laugh at that miracle. Yet, in a sort, lechery eats itself. I'll seek them.

[*Exit.*

SCENE V.

The same. Enter DIOMED, and a Servant.

Dio. Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse;

Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid:

Fellow commend my service to her beauty; 500

Tell her, I have chastis'd the amorous Trojan,

And am her knight by proof.

Serv. I go, my lord.

Enter AGAMEMNON.

Ag. Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamas
Hath beat down Menon: bastard Margarelon
Hath Doreus prisoner;

And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam,

Upon the pashed corsés of the kings

Epistrophus and Cediús: Polixenes is slain;

Amphimachus, and Thoas, deadly hurt; 510

Patroclus

Patroclus ta'en, or slain; and Palamedes
Sore hurt and bruised: the dreadful Sagittary
Appals our numbers; haste we, Diomed,
To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter NESTOR.

Nest. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles;
And bid the snail-pac'd Ajax arm for shame.—
There is a thousand Hector's in the field:
Now here he fights on Galathea his horse,
And there lacks work; anon, he's there afoot,
And there they fly, or die, like scaled sculls 520
Before the belching whale; then is he yonder,
And there the strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge,
Fall down before him, like the mower's swath:
Here, there, and every where, he leaves, and
takes;
Dexterity so obeying appetite,
That what he will, he does; and does so much,
That proof is call'd impossibility.

Enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. O, courage, courage, princes! great
Achilles
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance:
Patroclus' wounds have rouz'd his drowsy blood, 530
Together with his mangled Myrmidons,
That noseless, handless, hack'd and chip'd come to
him,
Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend,
And

And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it,
 Roaring for Troilus ; who hath done to-day
 Mad and fantastic execution ;
 Engaging and redeeming of himself,
 With such a careless force, and forceless care,
 As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,
 Bade him win all.

549

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus ! thou coward Troilus ! [*Exit.*

Dio. Ay, there, there.

Nest. So, so, we draw together. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Where is this Hector ?

Come, come, thou boy-queller, shew thy face ;

Know what it is to meet Achilles angry.

Hector ! where's Hector ? I will none but Hector.

[*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Another Part of the Field. Re-enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus, shew thy
 head !

Enter DIOMED.

Dio. Troilus, I say ! where's Troilus ?

Ajax. What wouldst thou ?

559

Dio

Dio. I would correct him.

Ajax. Were I the general, thou shouldst have my office,

Ere that correction :—Troilus, I say ! what, Troilus !

Enter TROILUS.

Troi. O traitor Diomed !—turn thy false face, thou traitor,

And pay thy life thou ow'st me for my horse !

Dio. Ha ! art thou there ?

Ajax. I'll fight with him alone ; stand, Diomed.

Dio. He is my prize, I will not look upon.

Troi. Come both, you cogging Greeks ; have at you both. [*Excunt, fighting.*]

Enter HECTOR.

Hecl. Yea, Troilus ? O, well fought, my youngest brother ! 560

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Now do I see thee : Ha !—Have at thee, Hector.

Hecl. Pause, if thou wilt. [*Fight.*]

Achil. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan.

Be happy, that my arms are out of use :

My rest and negligence befriend thee now,

But thou anon shalt hear of me again ;

'Till when, go seek thy fortune.

N

Hecl.

Hecl. Fare thee well:—

I would have been much more a fresher man, 570
Had I expected thee.—How now, my brother?

Re-enter TROILUS.

Troi. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas; Shall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,
He shall not carry him; I'll be taken too,
Or bring him off:—Fate, hear me what I say!
I reckon not though I end my life to-day. [Exit.

Enter one in Armour.

Hecl. Stand, stand, thou Greek; thou art a goodly
mark;—
No? wilt thou not?—I like thy armour well;
I'll frush it, and unlock the rivets all,
But I'll be master of it:—Wilt thou not, beast,
abide? 580
Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide.
[Exit.

SCENE VII.

The same. Enter ACHILLES, with MYRMIDONS.

Achil. Come here about me, you my Myrmidons;
Mark what I say,—Attend me where I wheel:
Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath;
And when I have the bloody Hector found,
Empale him with your weapons round about;

In

In fellest manner execute your arms.

Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye:—

It is decreed—Hector the great must die. [Exeunt

SCENE VIII.

The same. Enter THERSITES, MENELAUS, and
PARIS.

Ther. The cuckold, and the cuckold-maker are at
it: Now, bull! now, dog! 'Loo, Paris, 'loo! now
my double-hen'd sparrow! 'loo, Paris, loo! The
bull has the game:—'ware horns, ho! 593

[Exeunt PARIS and MENELAUS.

Enter MARGARELON.

Mar. Turn, slave, and fight.

Ther. What art thou?

Mar. A bastard son of Priam's.

Ther. I am a bastard too; I love bastards: I am a
bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind,
bastard in valour, in every thing illegitimate. One
bear will not bite another, and wherefore should one
bastard? Take heed, the quarrel's most ominous to
us: if the son of a whore fight for a whore, he
tempts judgment: Farewel, bastard. 603

Mar. The devil take thee, coward! [Exeunt.

SCENE IX.

Another Part of the Field. Enter HECTOR.

Hecl. Most putrified core, so fair without,
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.
Now is my day's work done; I'll take good breath:
Rest, sword; thou hast thy fill of blood and death!

Enter ACHILLES, and his MYRMIDONS.

Achil. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set;
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels: 610
Even with the vail and dark'ning of the sun,
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

Hecl. I am unarm'd; forego this vantage, Greek.

Achil. Strike, fellows, strike; this is the man I seek.

[HECTOR falls.

So, Ilion, fall thou next! now, Troy, sink down;
Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.—

On, Myrmidons; and cry you all amain,

Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain.

Hark! a retreat upon our Grecian part.

Myr. The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my
lord. 620

Achil. The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the
earth,

And, stickler-like, the armies separates.

My half-supt sword, that frankly would have fed,

Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.—

Come,

Come, tie his body to my horse's tail;
 Along the field I will the Trojan trail. [Exeunt.
Sound Retreat. Shout.

SCENE X.

*The same. Enter AGAMEMNON, AJAX, MENELAUS,
 NESTOR, DIOMEDES, and the rest, marching.*

Aga. Hark! hark! what shout is that?

Nest. Peace, drums.

Sol. Achilles! Achilles! Hector's slain! Achilles!

Dio. The bruit is—Hector's slain, and by Achilles.

Ajax. If it be so, yet bragless let it be; 631
 Great Hector was as good a man as he.

Aga. March patiently along:—Let one be sent,
 To pray Achilles see us at our tent.—
 If in his death the gods have us befriended,
 Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended.
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE XI.

*Another Part of the Field. Enter ÆNEAS, and
 Trojans.*

Æne. Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field:
 Never go home; here starve we out the night.

Enter

Enter TROILUS.

Troi. Hector is slain.

All. Hector?—the gods forbid! 640

Troi. He's dead; and at the murderer's horse's tail,

In beastly sort, dragg'd through the shameful field.—
Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with speed!
Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at Troy!
I say, at once! let your brief plagues be mercy,
And linger not our sure destructions on!

Æne. My lord, you do discomfort all the host.

Troi. You understand me not, that tell me so:
I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death;
But dare all imminence, that gods, and men, 650
Address their dangers in. Hector is gone!
Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?
Let him, that will a screech-owl aye be call'd,
Go in to Troy, and say there—Hector's dead:
There is a word will Priam turn to stone;
Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,
Cold statues of the youth; and, in a word,
Scare Troy out of itself. But, march, away:
Hector is dead; there is no more to say.
Stay yet;—You vile abominable tents, 660
Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains,
Let Titan rise as early as he dare,
I'll through and through you!—And thou, great siz'd
coward!

No space of earth shall sunder our two hates;

I'll

I'll haunt thee, like a wicked conscience still,
That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy thoughts.—
Strike a free march to Troy!—with comfort go;
Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

[*Excunt ÆNEAS, &c.*]

Enter PANDARUS.

Pan. Do you hear, my lord; do you hear?

Troi. Hence, broker lacquey! ignomy and shame
Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name! 671

[*Exit TROILUS.*]

Pan. A goodly med'cine for my aching bones!—
Oh, world! world! world! thus is the poor agent
despis'd!

O traitors and bawds, how earnestly are you set a'
work, and how ill requited! Why should our endea-
vour be so lov'd, and the performance so loath'd?
what verse for it? what instance for it?—let me
see:—

Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,
'Till he hath lost his honey, and his sting: 680

But being once subdu'd in armed tail,

Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.—

Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted
cloths.

As many as be here of Pander's hall,
Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall:
Or, if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,
Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.

Brethren,

Brethren, and sisters, of the hold-door trade,
Some two months hence my will shall here be made:
It should be now, but that my fear is this— 690
Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss:
'Till then, I'll sweat, and seek about for eases;
And, at that time, bequeath you my diseases.

[Exit.]

THE END.



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